WITHDRAWN

...AND SHADOW
ON THE
TIBETAN BORDER

FLORA BEAL SHELTON

A Tibetan beggar asking in a most polite way for a coin.

Property of the University Aux.
Reward for bring on Roll of Honor
June 1916. (C.W.B.M.)

read & recommended by
Miss Mollenny F.b. 5th 1928

Copy 1.

THIS VOLUME
BELONGS TO

University
Christian
Church
LIBRARY

BUDLONG AND
SANTA BARBARA
AVENUES

Volume Number

VI

Library of
Pacific Bible Seminary
4835 East Anaheim Street
Long Beach, California

UNIVERSITY CHRISTIAN CHURCH
SANTA BARBARA AT BUDLONG
LOS ANGELES

This Book Was Given To
Pacific Bible Seminary
By
University Christian Church, Los Angeles

6485
266.951 SHELTON
S545s

Sunshine and Shadow on the
Tibetan Border.

The first Christian baptism in the city of Batang, border of Tibet, by Mr. Ogden, of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. Five were baptized, and just one year after Dr. Loftis died.

Sunshine and Shadow

on the

Tibetan Border

266.951
S545s

By

FLORA BEAL SHELTON

6485

CINCINNATI:
FOREIGN CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY

COPYRIGHT, 1912,
FOREIGN CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

DEDICATED
TO

My Husband

WHOSE THUNDER I STOLE AND WHOSE ENCOURAGEMENT WHEN THINGS WENT WRONG MADE THIS WORK POSSIBLE.

Preface

A GREAT man might write this preface and tell you a lot of great and good things about this little book; then you would be bitterly disappointed when you turned the pages and found only real things; things that happen every day; hard things, prosaic things, suffering and pain; suffering and death with no hope of a hereafter, pain without cessation and relief. Such things as these are in the book, but also the wish goes through and through it that the tiny golden thread of love, of the Infinite Love that prompts all good, may shine for you and teach a greater meaning to living and the greater usefulness of a life spent in the service of the Nazarene.

FLORA BEAL SHELTON.

Contents.

	PAGE
Foreword,	11
How Our Workers Came to Go to Tibet,	15
What and Where Is Tibet,	22
How to Get to Tibet,	31
Tibetans without Medical Science,	43
The Entering Wedge, Medicine,	52
Itinerating on the Roof of the World,	58
How We Live,	69
The Man with the Broken Head,	78
A Tibetan Sunday-School,	82
A Mission Day-School,	89
"Our Little Doctor,"	97
Tibetan Women and Their Home Life,	109
Tibetan Characteristics,	117
Results,	123
Good-Bye to Batang,	129
The Present Situation, One Year Later, the Close of 1912,	133

List of Illustrations

MR. OGDEN BAPTIZING FIRST CONVERTS, *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

"JOHNNY," - - - - - - - - 16

NOMAD TENT, - - - - - - - 24

CHAIR TRAVEL, - - - - - - - 24

A HOUSE BOAT, - - - - - - - 32

MISSIONARIES AT BATANG, - - - - 32

A CHAIN BRIDGE, - - - - - - 38

PINE TREES, - - - - - - - - 40

TIBETAN TEACHER, - - - - - - 44

A LOAD OF TEA, - - - - - - - 48

A "CHORTEN," - - - - - - - 48

"TSUDEN," - - - - - - - - 56

TIBETAN WOMAN CARRYING WATER, - - 56

DOWN THE YANGTSE IN A CORACLE, - - 60

MUSK-DEER HAIR CUSHIONS, - - - 60

A BLACK TENT, - - - - - - - 64

A GROUP OF ROBBERS, - - - - 64

OUR MUD PALACE, - - - - - - 72

A TIBETAN HOUSE, - - - - - - 72

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

THE MAN WITH THE BROKEN HEAD, - - 80

A TIBETAN BEGGAR, - - - - - - 88

MR. OGDEN WITH PRAYER WHEEL, - - - 96

HOUSE IN WHICH DR. LOFTIS DIED, - - 96

A TIBETAN TOWER, - - - - - - - 112

BATANG HAIRDRESSING, - - - - 112

JAN TSEN'S SON, - - - - - - - 128

OVER A SNOW PASS, - - - - - 128

NEW MISSIONARIES, - - - - - - 136

UNIVERSITY CHRISTIAN CHURCH
SANTA BARBARA AT BUDLONG
LOS ANGELES

Foreword

OUR PIONEER MISSIONARY.

"Go Ye."

AWAY to the north traveled a man with a woman up the Han River for days and days, then in wooden-wheeled carts drawn by oxen over the rutty roads of China, on and on to the north until they arrived at the Monastery of Kumbum. The man was a linguist, the woman a doctor. For a few years they studied, taught, and healed the people there, but it was not enough. They had gone to that portion of China with one aim, to reach the city of Lassa; with one hope, to take the Christ to the Tibetans; with one ideal, to plant a mission in that land. After a time the little son was born, and when he was a year and a half old it was thought they might go out. Medicines, food, bedding, and all they possessed were loaded upon the pack animal and the long journey begun. Over mountains in cold and snow and hardships that can not be known, for days the little caravan wandered, slowly, slowly, yet preaching, doctoring; "in perils oft," until finally most of the friends who had known and started with them had turned back and they were among strangers, in a strange land. One day, high upon a range of mountains, the little lad

Library of
Pacific Bible Seminary
6835 East Anaheim Street
Long Beach, California

sickened. It was too great, that journey for him, and he died. With sad hearts and trembling hands the box that held the little store of medicines was emptied, and the father and mother laid him to sleep on the mountain-side alone, and they went on. Days and days more of travel until they had lost all they had and were left footsore and weary, alone and walking, as they could get no help from the Tibetans, who feared them. One afternoon they neared a village and the man said to the woman, "Wait here and I'll wade the river and get help from the village on the other side." The woman waited until the shadows grew long, but he did not return. Often she said to me, as we saw a mountain-side, grass-covered and brown, "That looks just like the mountain-side where he left me alone that day and never returned." The rivers are swift in that land among the snows. The woman waited, and then saw that she must help herself and find some help or shelter for the night. She found a few to aid her, and finally, with the help of a friendly Chinese trader, came to safety and arrived at Tachienlu, where an English mission family took her in and cared for her. In a few months she came home to Canada and America with the ideal still not forgotten, and though broken in health, weak in body, with a zeal, heaven-inspired, interested people in the land of Tibet. In a short time—a space of a few years—she was ready to return, sent back again to establish the mission of which she and the man had so long dreamed. It was not as she had planned, but God's ways are not always ours. Not long did she

stay with the mission, for her work was done. The little station was established, and she saw the two families there before she left it. Then she was permitted to come home to Canada to die. Widely separated are the three last resting places, but there—over there, there is no separation and no darkness. Dr. Susie Rijnhart is the woman of which I write.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

CHAPTER I

How Our Workers Came to Go to Tibet

"The dice of God are always loaded."

EMERSON was right when he used the words at the head of this chapter. In spite of all forces and all human plans the one great plan is always carried through. The Foreign Christian Missionary Society, when appointing Dr. Shelton to go to Nankin, China, to relieve Dr. Macklin, did not dream of a mission station in Tibet—nor did we who afterward went to that far field.

It was in the year 1899 that the Disciples in America first heard of the country of Tibet and its need of help, and began to demand that a mission be opened in that country. Dr. Susie Rijnhart had come out from that land alone, having lost her husband and baby there, and for four years had been speaking and pleading for workers for this remote field. Her own health was not of the best, but a determination to plant a mission among Tibetans never left her and she planned better than she knew.

Library of
Pacific Bible Seminary
4835 East Anaheim Street
Long Beach, California

In 1902 she spoke at the Iowa State Convention of the Disciples of Christ, held in Des Moines, and raised six hundred dollars, with which she bought medical instruments for use among the Tibetans. At this time Dr. Rijnhart had been under appointment by the Foreign Christian Missionary Society for more than a year, waiting and asking for some one to go with her. She wished to go at once to Tachienlu, West China, and wanted a doctor and his wife to accompany her, as she believed that the Gospel might be preached to the Tibetans more easily through the medium of medical work.

The Secretary of the Foreign Society wrote and asked Dr. Shelton if he would consider going to Tibet, as another man could be more easily found for Nankin. As a matter of fact, Tachienlu sounded little farther than Nankin to us, and we telegraphed we would go. On September 27th we arrived in San Francisco and met Dr. Rijnhart for the first time. As there was no minister in the party Dr. Shelton was ordained by W. M. White, J. Durham, and E. W. Darst of the First Christian Church in the city. Dr. Rigdon presented us with some medical books and a number of instruments before we sailed.

As the steamship *China* left the pier and we realized that we were out in that big, big water and America was fading away, it seemed very lonely, indeed, and we, that is, I, was dreadfully homesick, but it soon changed to another kind of sickness which kept us fully occupied for a while. During the days of seasickness, and afterwards throughout the long sea voy-

"Johnny," formerly our cook, now a most efficient medical assistant, who has made eight trips entirely across China in the interests of the mission.

age, we were greatly comforted and cheered by a dear old lady and gentleman who were going back to China to end their days as missionaries among their chosen people.

When we reached Nankin one of our Chinese young men, a Christian, a graduate of Christian College, a Chinese scholar as well, who spoke English, volunteered to go to Tachienlu with us. He was a most valuable man, and it meant much for him to leave his work and his people and go with us. His preaching was the finest that had ever been heard in Nankin, and great crowds came to hear him.

Last, but not least of our party was "Johnny," an English-speaking Chinese cook and the most useful man of all.

We reached Tachienlu, March 15, 1904, after a long, difficult journey overland of nearly three months. We arrived in the midst of a snowstorm, and it seemed pretty cold to the two southern-bred Chinamen. Mr. Moyes, of the China Inland Mission, met us with the mail and we had letters from home. He had kindly fixed up some rooms in a Tibetan inn for our accommodation, and papered the walls with Chinese paper, but they would not let him scrub the floors, as the landlady said it never had been scrubbed and she could n't let it be done. So we put matting on the floor to keep the dirt from getting between our toes and lived there until in May, when we got a house of our own.

Dr. Rijnhart at once opened a dispensary, and Dr. Shelton and I began to study Chinese.

In the fall of 1904, when we wanted to study

Tibetan, all the printed helps we had were a small primer by Mr. Amundsen and the New Testament, written in the classical Tibetan, which was not at all like the spoken language. The boys in the mission school had nothing at all. Their first lessons must be written by a Tibetan teacher and committed. So the Society was asked to send a man, especially for literary work, and we were glad, indeed, to hear that Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ogden, of Kentucky University, were appointed May 12, 1905, and were to sail early in September for China.

As Dr. Rijnhart was engaged to Mr. Moyes, and it was only a matter of a few months until she would be leaving the mission, we rejoiced greatly to hear of the new people coming.

In September Dr. Shelton and Johnny left Tachienlu for Shanghai to escort the new people to the border. Mr. Moyes and Dr. Rijnhart went to Chentu and were married in October, 1905. Mrs. Moyes resigned from the mission in December, 1906. After the return of Dr. Shelton with the Ogdens, Mr. Yang, the Chinese evangelist, left for Nankin to care for his wife and mother, so the mission was only a small band at this time—four of us, besides our baby Dorris and Johnny.

In September, 1906, Mr. Ogden and Dr. Shelton started for Batang, five hundred miles from Tachienlu, on the Tibetan border. There was a cessation in the fighting; the country was practically tranquil and once more under Chinese control. General Joa had just captured Shangchen and was still

stationed there. When the two men arrived in Batang they were most kindly received and found many old friends and acquaintances who had been to the Tachienlu dispensary.

They stayed four days, examining the country and studying the conditions of the place and people, one day going down the Yangtse River, on another going up the valley to see the country in that direction. They found the population of the city to be wholly Tibetan, outside of the officials and soldiers, and that all the inhabitants in the surrounding country were Tibetans except a few Chinese, who had lived there for thirty or forty years and had even forgotten their own language.

So close to the border of Tibet was the city of Batang that they believed more Tibetan work could be done and more Tibetans reached than at Tachienlu, and though travelers were not permitted to cross the line at that time, they believed that in a few years they could safely go into the country, and would be invited to do so, which has proved to be true.

During the spring of 1907 a suggestion came from the Society to close Tibetan work and join the China Mission, on the plains in East China, as it was so difficult to get men and supplies to such a distant station. Dr. Shelton and Mr. Ogden both wrote, unconditionally refusing to leave their beloved Tibetans and sacrifice the years of study and the friends they had made.

Then a letter came from the President of the Society saying he had been praying that the answer would be as they had sent it, and granting them per-

mission to go eighteen days farther inland to the city of Batang and there establish the mission permanently. That meant some preparation. So the two men went to Chungking to purchase two years' supplies of soap, sugar, candles, etc., and buy saws and tools for the cutting of timber and building of houses; for in the new land they must become hewers of wood, drawers of water, brick-makers, lumber-cutters, tile-makers, furniture-builders, teaching the Chinese carpenters how to build even a wash tub before a good bath could be taken.

Mr. Ogden brought the supplies up river and came through Chentu, hiring three Chinese carpenters to help in the proposed building.

Boxes holding seventy-five or eighty pounds must be made and packed with household goods, medicine, instruments, books, bedding, pictures, and dishes. The boxes were covered with wet skin which soon dries and becomes very hard and keeps all dampness from the contents. This covering also prevents the boxes from bursting to pieces if a carrier yak should get on a stampede.

We left Tachienlu July 7, 1908, and reached Batang July 24th. Johnny had already been there and had cleaned two rooms in half of a Tibetan mudhouse for us to occupy. Mr. and Mrs. Ogden prepared to go with us, but decided to wait for Dr. Loftis, a new medical missionary under appointment. Their plans were again changed, however, and they came on to Batang, arriving October 31st. We were all together once more and looking for the new doctor's coming.

Pioneers are very necessary, but I like to read about them much better than I like to be one, and we were the pioneers of our Mission and of all Missions to Tibet, with the exception of Mr. Muir and wife of the China Inland Mission, who were six days ahead of us in arriving at Batang, and who were joined some two years later by Mr. J. Huston Edgar and wife, with little Elsie and Chalmers, also of the same mission. Mail comes once a month, a man is hired to make the trip to Tachienlu and return, and it takes about thirty days, unless he is a very fast walker. The city is Oriental and has everything that goes with that word: dirt, heat, flies, mangy dogs, naked babies, half-clothed men and women, no rain for months, and the chaff from the wheat threshing flying everywhere. But our trials are few; they might be more. So long as we are all well I do not mind. Then there are the babies—bless them!—they never allow us to get lonesome.

The first great event that happened at Batang was the birth of little Ruth Ogden, the first foreign baby born in that city. There are three babies now in the mission—Dorris, Dorothy, and Ruth. They don't at all mind the dirt, and the heat, and what we call discomfort. It doesn't matter to them if the streets and roads are feet deep in dry dust, or whether it is warm, or whether it is cold, they are always happy and make the sun shine for us.

CHAPTER II.

What and Where Is Tibet?

"And whether crowned or crownless when I fall,
It matters not, so God's work is done."

"TIBET is a high tableland entirely surrounded by mountains, inhabited by nomad tribes," is what the geography used to say, and that is about right as far as it goes. There might be a few additions, for and against, but it answers very well for this unknown land which most travelers are compelled to see around the edges with little dips inside, while very few have been permitted to get in at all, let alone stay in for any length of time.

The country of Tibet is a great tableland with very few valleys below ten thousand feet, and many mountain ranges traversing it that are much higher than that, and in them, perhaps, will be found the culminating point of the world, though as yet no traveler has proved that true.

Surrounding this plateau is China on the east, with her dislike of foreign customs and people, India and Nepaul on the south, Nepaul being a Chinese province by conquest, a large army capturing it about one hundred and thirty years ago. Nepaul pays tribute every thirteen or fourteen years to China, its people marching the long, weary way from that country to

Pekin, taking two or three years to make the journey because China demands it, that they may see her vastness and power. The journey could be made by sea in six months. Their representatives have traveled this long journey heretofore with hundreds of men and animals carrying their loads of coral-shelled cocoanuts, jewels, and elephant tusks as tribute to the emperor.

India has forbidden the entrance to Tibet of even the Moravian missionaries, who have camped on the southern borders for more than fifty years awaiting a chance to enter. Persia and Turkestan, with their exclusive heathendom, are on the west. Russia is on the north, in her inaccessible sullenness. So it is well named the "Hermit Nation," for all forces, natural and physical, have tended and helped to make it so.

Yet early in the fourteenth century a Jesuit Father is supposed to have reached Lassa, the sacred capital. Then in two or three centuries more Catholics entered the country, and later an Englishman or two came close to the Sacred City. In 1844 and 1846 Huc and Babet, French missionaries, reached Lassa from China, but were soon sent out again.

The Tibetans have been very jealous for their country, as in their sacred books the lamas warn the people that the foreigner must not be allowed to settle in their land, for if they do, their own religion is doomed. But of late years a native of India, Nain Singh, who studied the language in that country, went to Lassa disguised as a lama and added much to the knowledge of that forbidden land before he was dis-

covered and deported. Also our own Rockhill, writing of his travels on the eastern border, has given much knowledge to the world. And the Swedish traveler Sven Hedin, who has been in from the west, discovered the sources of the three rivers, the Indus, the Sutlej, and the Brahmaputra, has written much on his travels, and his books are of inestimable value in giving to the world knowledge of Tibet.

The country, being so high, is cold, though to the south the valleys are warm and sunny, and barley, wheat, and buckwheat are raised by the people who live there. However, the higher portions are cold, so cold that the punishment often given to criminals is to send them to a warm region, just as the Chinese send theirs from the plains where there is plenty of rice and sunshine into the bitter cold of the mountains. Where it is impossible to raise grain the people live in black tents of yak hair and tend their cattle, and sheep, and goats; eating butter, cheese, and milk, and raw meat, clad in their skin gowns, hardy and wild as their own yak and native land.

The source of the Yangtse is still to be discovered. It extends away into mountains beyond Batang perhaps a thousand miles.

The population of Tibet is estimated from three to six million, and the many lamaseries, or monasteries, of Buddhist priests contain perhaps one-seventh of the population.

Gold has been found along the eastern border and a little lead and iron, but no coal or silver as yet. A caravan route of trade has been established for two or

A nomad tent in a valley among the mountains.

Chair travel on the road to Batang.

three hundred years from Tachienlu to Lassa, the Chinese tea and cloth being traded for the Tibetan furs, musk, yak-tails, and borax. Among the larger lamaseries is the one at Litang, containing thirty-seven hundred lamas. The one at Batang had almost three thousand, but was entirely destroyed at the time of the Chinese invasion and will never be rebuilt. The ruins of the lamasery, as they stand now, cover nine acres, while a little distance below is a steep cliff, above a sharp bend in the river, where no Chinamen dared go in those days when it was in the height of its power, or they were unceremoniously dumped over the cliff into the river.

There are still many small monasteries around on the mountains, but no large ones, and it is the policy of the Chinese Government to keep the number of priests below one hundred in each one, so that they can never grow strong and rebel against the Chinese again.

Perhaps a bit of Batang history would not be uninteresting, as our mission is so closely connected with the country, and the political events as they occur have more or less influence on the station. In the winter of 1904 and 1905 there was trouble at Tyling, some five days' journey to the north and west of Tachienlu, over the mining of gold. The Chinese demanded the opening of the mines and sent men to dig the metal. The Tibetans did not want the mineral dug, as they said the Chinese would take all the seed away and there would n't be any more gold. So government troops were sent in, and some fighting occurred, with a few

Library of
Pacific Bible Seminary
4835 East Anaheim Street
Long Beach, California

killed on each side, with this result, that the Tyling lamas sent emissaries to the other monasteries and among the people in the west, asking aid to help them throw off the Chinese yoke.

For a hundred years or more China has been fighting in this part of her dominion, sending in a few soldiers and advancing one step at a time, holding the conquered territory. At this time Chinese Commissioner Fong was stationed at Batang, and the Tibetans refused to believe that he was the real representative of the emperor, either knowingly or unknowingly taking that position. His policy was to limit the number of priests in the lamaseries; so he announced the fact that three hundred lamas were enough for any city the size of Batang, and asked the rest, about twenty-five hundred, to take unto themselves wives and go to work.

That sounds all right in theory, but the lamas do not yield to that kind of advice very readily, as they are supposed to abjure all women, do no work, and lead holy lives of meditation and prayer. So these priests went among the people up and down the river valleys and in the vicinity of Batang, rousing them, inciting them to fight against the Chinese, so that in April, 1905, relations between the Chinese and Tibetans were getting very much strained. Commissioner Fong was afraid to go and afraid to stay. He had a bodyguard of about sixty soldiers and a great show of foreign guns, but not a single round of ammunition. Finally he decided to flee, and one morning he started. The people knew he was afraid. He had gone only a

little way from the city when the Tibetans completely surrounded him, coming down from the mountains and up the valleys, from behind him and in front of him, all shouting and firing from every place, at one time, so it seemed. His chair-bearers were instantly killed, then all of his soldiers, as they were neither able to run or fire a single shot. Fong got out of his chair, turned his face toward Pekin, worshiped the emperor, whose relation he was, and so "kotowing," died. These men, all but the commissioner, are buried where they fell, close together, a tablet marking the immense tomb, which is built of stone and the carved slabs from a "mani" pile. This occurrence greatly encouraged the rebellious Tyling lamas and all the Tibetans.

In Tachienlu, where the mission was located at this time, excitement ran high, rumors came that the Tibetans were coming to sack the city, coming clothed in skin gowns, but would return in silk garments. Many people took their valuables and fled the city. Pekin ran over with excitement all at once, and sent several thousand men, with General Ma commanding, to fully subdue that corner of Tibet. He at once destroyed the lamasery, but the lamas, knowing that they were in for it, had fled before his arrival, taking their most valuable possessions with them. Now he revenged the death of Fong mightily. Several hundred men were beheaded. Many homes were left desolate. Heads fell so thick and fast there was no one to bury the bodies, and no one cared. Their friends were afraid to come and get them. The hun-

gry dogs had feasted every day, even the Chinese soldiers eating their dead enemies' hearts and livers. The heads of the chief men, when severed, were placed on trays and presented before Fong's coffin as an offering to him.

In the city General Ma beheaded both of the Tibetan governors, though they had tried to prevent the killing of the commissioner. This is the Chinese custom, however. If a man can't govern his people he must pay the price, and it is usually his head.

Two Catholic priests were killed before General Ma arrived, their buildings destroyed, and all their followers who would not retract were shot. The land and houses of all those who helped in the rebellion, or those supposed to have helped, were confiscated by the Chinese Government. The Catholics were afterwards given the second governor's house and grounds as part compensation for damage done to them, as well as a hundred and twenty thousand taels, which the French Government demanded besides.

General Ma now left and General Joa took command in 1906. He besieged the city of Shangchen for three or four months. Shangchen is seven days to the south of Batang. All the people had shut themselves in the lamasery and could neither be dislodged nor starved out, but finally, after three or four months' siege, the source of the water supply was found cut off. Then they decided to open the doors and run, but as they left the building men, women, children, and lamas were hacked to pieces, some six hundred being slain.

The big monastery, with its valuable books, paintings, and scrolls, fell into the hands of the Chinese. The brass and bronze idols were broken in pieces and carried to Chentu, the capital of Szechuan, on men's backs and by yak loads and coined into Chinese half cent copper pieces. The big painted idol of the Buddha was captured, and the general told the people they could have it for three thousand rupees, which was promptly paid.

For this great victory General Joa was created imperial commissioner for the defense of the western frontier of China. During these years, up to 1911, he has been fighting and conquering city after city and tribe after tribe in this part of Tibet. Eighteen days beyond Batang, at Chamdo, he has placed a garrison of Chinese soldiers; the telegraph line is being extended toward Lassa. During the fall of 1910 the Chinese soldiers he had stationed at Shangchen, to the number of about two hundred, rebelled against the Chinese Government. Eighteen of them, their major, and two of the captains were recaptured, and General Joa meted out their punishment, which was a severe one.

Many years ago what was called the border of Tibet was the top of a mountain-pass between Tachienlu and Yachow. Years later the border was moved again, as the Chinese crowded more and more into the western part of the province. It was then placed at a little stone bridge just beyond Tachienlu. Some two hundred and fifty years more of fighting and conquest and trying to people the valleys with Chinese farmers,

resulted in the line being placed just beyond Batang. The Tibetan population, however, extends westward to the old border. Though Tibet has been called a part of the Chinese Empire, it has been practically independent. But after the English expedition under Colonel Younghusband to Lassa, in 1905, the Chinese awoke to the fact that something must be done.

Russia, on the north, was jealously watching England, while England, on the south, was busy guessing what Russia meant to do; so they both stood off and gave China her opportunity. At present all cities of the least importance for strategic purposes are manned by a garrison of Chinese soldiers. The ruling officials everywhere are Chinese, so that now after the last year's fighting Tibet is practically all under Chinese control, while the Dalai lama has fled the country and his people, and is now a guest in India.

In the summer of 1911 General Joa was created viceroy of the Province of Szechuan, and with his conquering army has left Tibetan country for a residence in the capital city, Chentu.

The future history of the country, as well as the ease or hardship that the mission may have to endure, depends much on his successor. At present the land is leased for the hospital building and the way seems opening for a greater work.

CHAPTER III.

How to Get to Tibet

"Raise the stone and thou shalt find Me,
Cleave the wood and there am I."

"GOING TO TIBET," so said the letter, and the news fell as a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. "Why, the man is wild; he has just finished his medical course and must make a name for himself; he had better be buried alive than to go to that country." So thought all the friends of the young doctor and his wife when they had decided to go to this distant station.

Leave-takings are not happy occasions, and it was not easy to leave fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters. God seemed very far away and love for humanity dwindled immensely after the first heroic part was over. The Rocky Mountains seemed very high and the city of San Francisco very far from everywhere, especially Kansas. Six days of sailing and the harbor of Honolulu came in view. Land looked very good and extremely solid after so much water. Leper Island was faintly visible in the distance. To this island are sent lepers from the United States, with a doctor to care for them and a superintendent to govern them; and those who are able work a little, but the support is mainly from the government.

As the steamer came slowly up to the pier, out swam the Hawaiian lads in water from thirty to forty feet deep, clad only in breech-clout, diving and swimming like frogs, and yelling, "Drop a dollah right heah." As the passengers threw the dimes and nickels over to them they would catch them in their hands and mouths or dive to get them before they reached the bottom.

The ship anchored for the night and everybody went on shore to feel something substantial under foot once more and get a view of the beautiful island so full of romance and tragedy. The next day, on leaving, all were garlanded with the bright red and yellow flowers in accordance with the old Hawaiian custom.

Thirteen more days of ocean travel, the old ship finding her path through the trackless waters, and the harbor of Yokohama was reached. The busy, wonderful little Japan came into view, but it takes a whole book, a writer, and an artist to tell of that country. The travelers, homesick for something from home, bought what looked like a russet apple, but it turned out to be a pear that tasted more like a turnip than anything else, and also something that looked like chocolate creams, which proved to be dough of some kind.

Though Japan was full of charm and beauty, the travelers must go on. There were a few more stops in the Japanese harbors and four days more were necessary before Shanghai could be reached. There a week was needed to purchase food and necessaries for the long Yangtse River journey. We boarded a

small steamer which carried us to Nankin, where we stopped for a while and paid a most interesting visit to the great mission station located in that place, and met noble men and women who make it so, and whom it is an honor to know.

A month or so could be well spent in study and packing and repacking for such a journey. Small steamers carry us past Wuhu, then to Hankow, where we all change to a smaller steamer and are carried to Ichang, a thousand miles inland. Traveling has been easy, so far as railway, steamships, and river boats have made it so; but now the real journey begins. And now good-bye to civilization, in a measure, for a Chinese wooden houseboat has to be hired, and one of these should be seen to be appreciated. It is a square-framed, heavily-built, five-room affair, pulled by bamboo cables up the river for seven hundred miles. The rooms are very small, and partitions thin. The captain and wife and children, if there are any, live in the back room; the crew under matting in the front; the cargo is placed beneath the floor. Food is cooked on a small charcoal stove, with a tin oil-can for an oven, or in the Chinese iron pan in the front of the boat. The beds are built in, or cots are used, and things made as convenient as possible for the four weeks to Chungking.

The rooster is killed and blood sprinkled on the prow, paper cash is burned, little red candles are lighted, and the gods invoked for a safe journey. All goes well until there is a rapid to go through, then excitement runs riot, the water rushes and foams and

roars, the coolies on the bank pull and struggle, with a taskmaster to lash them if they do n't work; the ropes strain and crack, drums beat, and inch by inch up the river the boat crawls.

The coolies tracking are more often the ones who get drowned, as the ropes occasionally break or throw them down the cliffs into the water. As the travelers watched, one poor fellow tumbled down the sandbank; his shin was badly bruised, but he must keep up with the others. Sometimes the ropes break, and—whiz, bang, whirl—back you go; the boat turning round and round every way, with no one to control it. Sometimes in one minute all that has been gained in half a day is lost; then, if a rock gets in the road there is apt to be a hole in the boat, and the cargo hung up to dry for a few days. So the days and weeks go by, rapid after rapid is climbed until the journey is over.

Some way they find out that a foreign doctor is on the boat; after the boat stops they call him to dress a man's face that has been badly cut by a fall on the rocks. Another poor fellow comes limping along, all the toes of one foot rotted off except the big one. He states that a rock had fallen on it eight years ago, and it had never been washed in all that time. Another coolie came with an arm that had been smashed between two boats. It smelled very badly, as it was so infected; but he could not stop to have it properly bandaged, as his boat was going on and he must keep up or lose his pittance of cash.

Chinese gunboats are stationed all along the bank

to capture the pirates who frequent the banks as well as the lonely ports along the river.

One morning it sounded as if the boat was being hammered in and as if the crew were all fighting; such stamping and talking and shouting we had never heard. It turned out that the cook had not fixed the food to suit one man, and all were taking a hand, pushing each other in the stomach, and pulling pigtails.

Though one can get many kinds of Chinese products to eat at the stopping-places, it is well to have on hand some good American food from Shanghai, as the native material does n't taste like home food, at least during the first year out.

Chungking is reached and a stop of a few days made, some supplies purchased, and the journey resumed. Still three weeks more of the old Yangtse and the bamboo ropes that might break and do n't, of the rocks you might have bumped into and did n't, and dry land is reached once more.

Chungking is the last station, where the French, German, and English gunboats are anchored. At Kiating the river is left for good, and the overland journey for twelve days to Tachienlu is begun. Oh, it was good to see the growing mustard and beans! The air was heavy with the fragrance from the blossoming fields, and there was solid earth beneath the feet of the coolies who carried our chairs, instead of the muddy, treacherous Yangtse water. The travelers realized they were not in any sense either aquatic birds, beasts, or fish, but of the earth earthy, with hearts that grew warm on the soil. Four days to Yachow, through

Library of
Pacific Bible Seminary
4835 East Anaheim Street
Long Beach, California

fields and level stretches of sweet-scented flowers, though sometimes the scents got mixed and the flowers lost when we met a man carrying buckets of dissolved filth from the pits of human refuse, which is used in fertilizing their gardens and fields.

Every night a stop in inns, where everything was dirty and where it was impossible to find a clean spot anywhere. The surroundings consisted of foul beds made of boards with a piece of matting on top, a table, and square chair; floors that had never been scrubbed since America was discovered and some time before; a water-closet under or near the room; a barn or pigsty fully occupied on the other side. But, riding all day we were hungry enough to eat anything and tired enough to sleep in spite of the eyes that peeped through the paper windows.

Miles and miles through rice fields flooded or being plowed, the roads are only narrow paths between the fields, where a tumble might prove disastrous or land the traveler knee-deep in the soft mud. Small mounds or hills terraced with as many as thirty or forty terraces to the top, every inch of ground being used. Thus four days to Yachow; from there to Tachienlu eight more days of chair travel were required. So on we go up and down the mountains, in torrid valleys, and over snow-capped hills; around corners, where the chair hangs over space and the rider can only shut his eyes and trust to the straw-shod coolies that carry him. A fall, a slip, the breaking of a string—and down, down into a cloud-mist he would fall, and the alighting would not be easy.

Mountains, mountains everywhere. Two high passes; at least they seem high to Kansas people. At the foot are ferns, flowers, bamboo, and summer weather; at the top snow and the wind blowing a hurricane. Tops were carried off the chairs, and the bearers were afraid to speak, for fear of arousing the wind-devil, who was supposed to lodge somewhere on that mountain. He did n't seem to need rousing, but acted as if he and all his family were awake.

Over these two passes many men, women, and children go all the year, carrying heavy burdens of tea, salt, coal, and wood. It is a common occurrence on that road to pass a dead coolie by the side of the path, or even in the path, where they literally die in harness.

Often and often it looked as if the path led right up against the side of a mountain, and there would be no way out and no way to go on. But there was always a way out or through or over. The last few days before reaching Tachienlu the steep hillsides were all cultivated for the raising of corn. There was not in a decently flat position enough ground for a potato patch, and it was a mystery how the men and women climbed and stood to hoe the crop, with the land slanting at an angle of sixty degrees.

Three days this side of Tachienlu, at Lutingchow, is a bridge made only of heavy chains stretched across the river, some three hundred feet in length and fifty feet above the water. A few loose boards are laid upon them for use in walking from one side of the river to the other, and all the traveler can do is to

shut his eyes and go on—as the bridge has been known to give away and drown a number of coolies who were carrying their loads of two hundred and fifty or three hundred pounds of tea.

But the city is finally reached, where a halt of a few days must be made to rest and take baths and get washing done. Food must be prepared, some more stores bought, "ula" must be asked of the Chinese official and the Tibetan king, and all got ready for the final trip over the twelve mountain passes to Batang. A week is needed at least, and more if the traveler is very tired. Finally the day arrives for the going, and after a few hours' wait it is announced that all is ready. The chairs for the women and children, the riding-horses for the men, the yak and mules for the loads, and away the caravan goes. It 's a gradual climb of a few hundred feet upward from Tachienlu to the first mud inn for the night. The country is no more Chinese, but entirely different, wilder, less populated, and the houses are of mud and stone, with flat dirt-roofs. It is time to stop for the night; the beds in their skin-laced bags are taken off the yak, the food is also unloaded, and it is luck if one of the animals has n't taken a run and dropped the boxes, and the jam has n't made a loving acquaintance with the tea, and the coffee and sugar mixed before it is wanted. Wash-pans and combs are brought out, and all have a good wash and get ready for supper, which the Chinese cook is preparing in a big sheet-iron pan belonging to the inn or on your own small cast-iron stove, if you are lucky enough to have one.

The great chain bridge at Lutingchow, about 300 feet long and 50 feet above the water.

A grand view of immense snow mountains is to be had from here; in the meantime the cots are made up ready for the night, and after supper you are glad to roll in and sleep. Early next morning the Tibetans are awake, eating, and ready to start, and you must get up, for it is a long journey that day. Faces are washed, beds put in the skin-cases again, breakfast eaten, and the cavalcade is ready once more. The chair-coolies step along at a good pace, while the yak go slower, to graze a bit, as they have no food at all, only as they can gather it when they stop for that purpose or as they walk along. A halt is made at noontime for rest and food, and in some mysterious way it is discovered that a doctor is one of the travelers. A man comes bowing to the earth, begging him to go a short distance to see his wife; he goes, only to find that she is a leper, and he can do nothing. They have suspected as much, but hope the foreigner's medicine could cure even that. Then the woman cries and pleads that if he can not aid her, to give her husband and two babies something, so they can not take the dreaded disease.

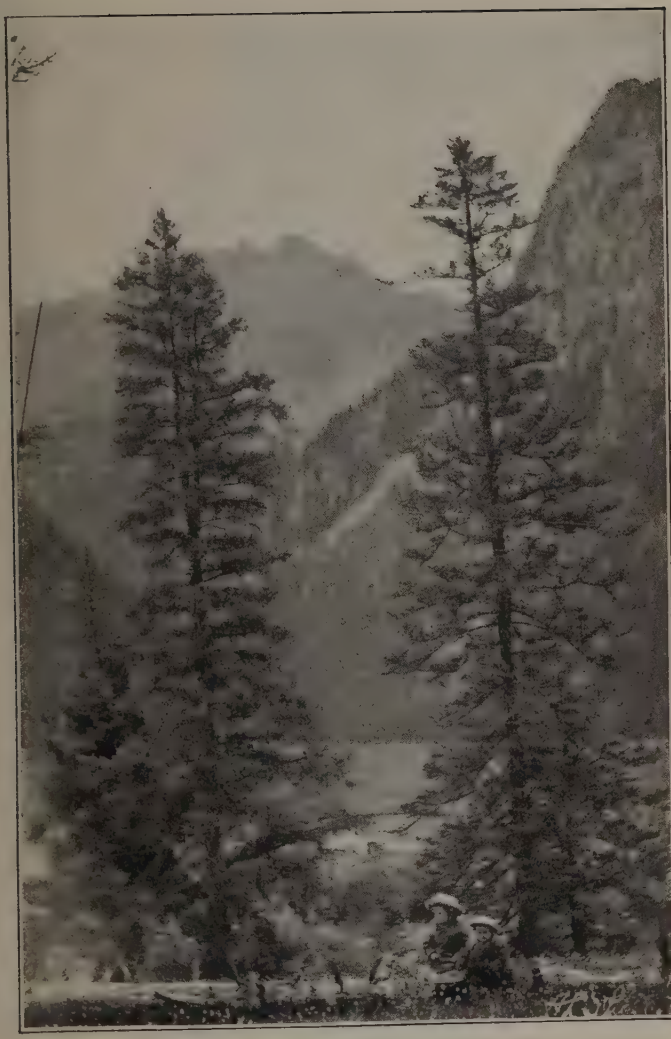
Two women come, of a little better class, and draw near a bit shyly and ask if he has medicine for a pain in their heart. They say it hurts so all the time in here (with their hands over their breasts), and they would like a relief from the pain. He asked what was the trouble, and one told him that her husband was dead, and the other that she was a widow, and her only son had just died with the smallpox. Oh! there is

only one thing to ease such aches as that, and they do n't know!

On the travelers go again, and see something queer in little boxes hanging to the telegraph poles. Looking a little closer, it proves to be human heads! A great warning to trespassers. Some one has been cutting the wires, and the Chinese official has cut off a few Tibetan heads and hung them up on the poles.

Now the travelers are on the summit of a great grassy-topped mountain, and the caravan of yak have stopped to graze and the chairmen to rest a little. More than ten kinds of flowers they see and gather as they sit on the ground to eat their lunch away out in the lonely wilds. The world has never seemed quite so big before, and they have never seemed so far away from everything as they sit in that vastness, surrounded miles away by glistening snow-ranges—and only the little group of four. How small they seem, and how great the immensity around them. By and by they come to a solitary hut away up there, and the women run inside at the sight of the foreigner and his camera. On inquiry it was found that a few soldiers were stationed here to keep the bold robbers in subjection, though from all appearances they looked as if they might be the ones in subjection and kept in solitary confinement.

Again it is night, and your travelers have stopped at a few low houses at the foot of a great pass, fifteen thousand feet above sea-level, which must be crossed on the morrow. It seems very difficult to sleep, and they all keep turning and turning, gasping for breath,



Some of the pines with their background of mountains seen on the road to Batang. Little Dorris and Dorothy on a fallen log.

and about three o'clock even the Tibetans are getting up and getting ready to go on; they have had a hard night too. It finally dawns upon the travelers that it is the altitude that has produced the sleeplessness and the flopping and gasping so much like a fish out of water, so that hereafter greater sympathy for a fish will always be felt. It is the highest sleeping-place on the road.

Onward and onward they go over the bare and lonesome pass that is lonesomeness personified, down into a beautiful valley with a cluster of houses, flocks, and herds. Next day the road is through great pine forests, where you think of Robin Hood and his merry men, and your heart jumps into your throat whenever you hear a rustle in the forest by your side or meet something that suddenly appears in front of you, for you are afraid it might be some of those fierce, wild-looking robbers, and you wonder if you 'd scream or try to swallow your rings; or if you would be brave, and if the man behind you with the rifle would shoot, and if he did, would he kill the robber or would he get away and nobody get hurt?

So on they go past the great lamasery at Litang, with its hundreds of lamas, its great golden roof, and its sacred book of one hundred and eight volumes, which is printed there; where it is so high there is no timber, and only dried cow-dung is used for fuel, and the principal food of the people is raw yak and sheep-meat.

Then one night in a tiny village the caravan stops and finds a grave that is not Chinese, neither is it

Tibetan, for around their homes you see no burial places. They burn the body, or they feed it to the birds, or throw it into the river. This is a missionary's grave, and over his resting-place rises the great snow-capped king of all the mountains between Tachienlu and Batang—a fitting monument for a hero such as he. Alone with one companion, he fell ill of typhus, and died there, and his grave has been the farthest missionary outpost until the resting-place of our own Dr. Loftis and baby James Ogden mark one more step in the conquering army. Very slowly the advance moves; yes, between the two stations a three days' journey and ten years' time.

On they go for eighteen days, over mountains, through valleys, until it is the last day. Now shut your eyes, for when you come around that mountain you will see Batang. Open them and look at the little cluster of bright-yellow mud-houses. See the barley and wheat being harvested, and women carrying great loads of it in on their backs, chanting as they go, or on the flat roof beating it out with flails and singing, "Om mani, Om mani, padme Ora, padme Ora," a variation of the sacred phrase, "Om mani padme hum."

Batang has been reached. What comes next?

CHAPTER IV.

Tibetans Without Medical Science

"Strength for to-day is all we need,
For there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day
With its measure of joy and sorrow."

PERHAPS there is no nation on the globe knowing so much of the construction of the human body as the Tibetans, and who have so little medical knowledge or so few remedies. The facts about anatomy are learned from one of their modes of burial, the body being dissected and fed to the birds. Butter is the universal medicine; it is used as a salve for animals as well as men, for sickness and broken bones. Illness of all kinds is believed to be the work of devils, or demons, and to exorcise them it is necessary to have a holy man, so at the first symptom of approaching sickness those who can afford it send for a lama to read prayers over them.

A firm belief in the fact that his enemy can pray him to death is inherent in every Tibetan, and often all a man has to do who has a grudge against another is to send his enemy word that he is praying daily for his special guardian idol to kill him; and this fact, coupled with the fear of the idol, usually accomplishes his purpose.

A big, strong man, a teacher in the mission, got ill. He seemed to have an attack of pleurisy and got well of that, but still got thinner and thinner, and seemed to have no ambition or willingness to want to live. Dr. Shelton could n't find out what was the matter with him or that anything was the matter with him, physically. Finally, one day he asked him what in the world was the matter with him, anyway; why he did n't go out to the hot springs and take a bath, and go about his business. He shook his head and said: "It 's no use; I 'm going to die. You know that enemy of mine who is angry with me because the Chinese official made him return the mule his people had stolen? Well, he sent me word he was praying every day to his idol to kill me, and I can't get well." Dr. Shelton laughed at him and asked him if he did n't know better than that, and that such a thing was an utter impossibility, until the man grew ashamed and tried a bit, and was soon on the high road to recovery. But as he and all his house had no doubt as to what the result would be, it was quite possible to bring about the wish of his enemy.

Another old teacher, whose son-in-law had gone to Germany with Dr. Tafel, received word that his daughter's husband was expecting to marry a German girl and never return again to Tibet or send any more money to his wife or her father. The old man was furious and said, with clenched teeth: "You tell him that I 'll kill him. I 'll pray every day to my idol to make him die. I can do it, and he knows I can."

The medicine most resorted to seems to be pills

made of the prayer, "Omi mani padme hum," written on tiny pieces of paper and rolled up to be swallowed. They also use pills made from a holy man's urine mixed with clay. Otherwise, sprinkling with holy water by the lamas, reading of prayers day and night from their sacred books, the banging of cymbals, ringing of bells and beating of drums for driving the devils out of the person, are the most common methods of doctoring. The noise itself would almost kill a well man, let alone cure a sick one.

Perhaps a few little incidents that occur almost every day, and only the ones the missionary finds out —and they are not all, by any means—will help you to see the need of a mission placed just here.

A little girl of thirteen was on the mountain watching the cows. The robbers came, and she refused to run away, so they gave her leg a gash with a sword. Her people found her and, to stop the bleeding, plastered the cut full of cow-dung. She was brought to the dispensary. If she had been brought in the first place the healing would have been a simple matter, with clean washing and bandages; but it was quite another question to cleanse the wound now and heal it without inflammation.

On one of the little mountain trips the men were called in to see an old woman of seventy years. They found her in a barn, sitting in the filth of ages which just can not be described. She had been upon the mountain after wood, and had fallen and broken her thigh. The leg lay at an angle of thirty degrees, the bone sticking entirely out through the flesh. As it had

Library of
Pacific Bible Seminary
4835 East Anaheim Street
Long Beach, California

been done several days, it was horribly swollen, and the smell frightful. It was impossible to effect a cure; they could only wash and cleanse it and leave a bit of salve for alleviating pain, and go on. Only an old woman, yes; but her capacity for suffering is not less than yours or mine.

One morning about ten o'clock a man came to the dispensary saying his two-year-old baby had fallen into the fire the evening before and his limbs were burned badly, and would the doctor go; the child was hurt so they could not carry him on their backs down the mountain. Medicine and bandages and necessary instruments were thrown into saddle-bags, some food gotten together quickly, a bed strapped behind the saddle, and the men were off up the steep mountain to remain the night and alleviate that tiny baby's suffering. It had been burned now almost twenty-four hours, with no help at all, and nothing whatever to help ease the pain, and even a little burn hurts so badly. They found the baby burned down the front of both little legs and a bit across the abdomen. He was soon well enough to be carried down the mountain to the dispensary to have the burns dressed.

One morning a lama, called a living Buddha, came and asked the foreign doctor to ride to a village a day's journey away, over a nearby mountain, where a mud-house had fallen down and some people were hurt. No white man or Chinese had been in that wild place before, and going seemed hazardous. They asked that only *one* foreigner come, and perforce the doctor was the one to go. A native evangelist, two soldiers, and

the lama made the rest of the crowd; and when they came to the first village they stopped for breakfast. At first the people were frightened nearly out of their wits, but when they found nothing was going to harm them they brought the best they had for the travelers; butter, tea, tsamba, and a kind of sour milk-cheese was set before them. Poor as these people were, they gave the big lama a catta (a scarf of loosely-woven silk) and three rupees for his blessing. Soon they were in the saddle and traveling onward again, and arrived about five o'clock at the village. They found six had been killed and three hurt by the falling of the heavy mud-walls. When Dr. Shelton started to see the man who was hurt so badly, they would n't allow him to be seen, but made excuses of all kinds and were afraid, even after sending a day's journey for help. The foreign doctor turned away and said, all right; he did n't want to visit anybody unless he was wanted. Then they begged him to wait until the next day. He agreed and went to the shed on top of the house to sleep, and was awakened by the mud and water falling on the bed, as it was raining. The big lama was awakened too, and the two began talking. He asked Dr. Shelton why he did such things for people and got no money for it, and why he left America, and what he wanted to come to their country for, anyway.

That was the opportunity, and he was told why and for what reason and for whose sake, and how it was made possible by the followers of the Nazarene at home, who for His dear sake gave that the Tibetans

Library of
Pacific Bible Seminary
4835 East Anaheim Street
Long Beach, California

might know. The lama listened and said, "That is just like our religion, only we do n't do it."

The next morning in a thick fog they came for the foreigner to see the man. He found him lying on a pile of dirty, filthy sheepskins, both legs and arms broken. They had been broken for eight days before his coming. An effort had been made to set the bones by putting on very small splints and wrapping them as tightly as could be, pulled around and around with a narrow rawhide string of yakhide, with some of the hair still clinging to it. Some of the bones had been replaced fairly well, and one arm was tied to the ceiling. All were compound fractures. Chloroform was given and the wrappings removed. The swelling was fearful, and the pus flew in every direction. The stench was dreadful. After the man had recovered from the effects of the chloroform he said he felt better. Then Dr. Shelton asked why he would not see him as soon as he arrived. "Oh," he said, "they had heard that foreigners slit the flesh with knives and rubbed the medicine into the cut." Then they also believed that a stranger coming off the road is covered with devils, and if he came at once into the presence of a sick person they would all pounce upon him and kill him.

The next morning the hands and feet were better and the swelling had gone down some, but the poor fellow was covered with lice and had rheumatism, and there was little hope that he could recover. But they asked the foreign man to come again, who replied he would return whenever he was wanted; but in three

A load of tea weighing about 260 pounds, seen on the road between Yachow and Tachienlu.

A "Chorten."

or four days a messenger came, saying the man was dead and returning the medicine that had not been used.

Perhaps for pure, concentrated suffering the following incident will suffice.

There was a Tibetan woman who brought milk to the mission every day. True, it had a layer of dirt in the bottom and was never guilty of any cream on top, and had always to be boiled. Perhaps it was diluted with water and bean curd, and was a mixture of goat and yak milk. It was rather white; but it was called cream and used as such. For two mornings the woman failed to come. About noon of the second day her sister came and said her house had fallen down and they had all been burned. The place was two or three miles distant, so we took a sedan-chair for the baby and me, while Mr. Sanders, Mr. Ogden, and Dr. Shelton walked, carrying their guns, thinking to shoot a pheasant for supper. It was a beautiful day and quite a rest to get away from the filth and stench of the city. When we came near the house the chair was put down, and we all walked up the mountain a little way to where the people lived. It is impossible to find words to picture the awful misery and suffering that we saw. The house was built on the hillside, of stone with mud mortar. The floor was made of round poles about the size of a man's arm, laid on some kind of crosspieces. On these poles a few skins were laid, and this was their bed, for they slept on that corduroy floor. In one corner was a pile of dirt and three or four stones, and on these had

been placed a big, flat, iron pan of boiling water. Some way the floor had fallen in, taking all of them with it, as well as the hot water. The goats and yak were kept in the basement of the building. Filth had accumulated for years, for the idea of cleaning a barn had not yet occurred to these Tibetans. For forty-eight hours those burned people had been sitting on the ground in agony which can not be told. They had no relief whatever; no vaseline, no oil, not even a clean rag with which to bind the burns. Beside the woman on the ground was the iron pan with water and cornmeal, and some kind of a green vegetable stirred in it. This was all the food they had. Mrs. Ogden had sent some bread and meat, which we laid down by them, and Dr. Shelton began to look at their burns. A boy of ten was burned from the knee half way to the thigh, the great blisters standing out on his legs. A little boy of seven or eight had escaped entirely; the baby, a little girl of four, had been burned to death. The poor mother cried and said how pretty she was. The man was able to walk, but his leg was badly burned, and he had a great gash in his head. The woman was burned from below the knee to her thigh. There were great blisters as big as the palm of her hand on her leg, and the flesh seemed almost ready to drop off. She sat on the ground moaning and almost helpless. The men forgot their guns and began to work. The little boy was frightened when the doctor took his instruments to open the blisters, being very much afraid of the glistening lances. As the doctor had taken only a small box of vaseline, he

could do nothing for the boy or the woman there. So the woman was carried and put in the chair and sent on to the dispensary, while Mr. Sanders, the baby, and I started to walk home. Mr. Ogden with a few dried leaves and stems had made a fire and got some hot water. There was just enough vaseline and bandages to dress the man's leg and head, and he and the little unburned boy were left. But how to get the other boy to town was a question. He could not be carried on any one's back, so Mr. Ogden and Dr. Shelton made a stretcher of sheepskins and two poles, set him upon that and, one in front and one behind, they carried him in. These poor people were taken care of, fed, and treated until they were able to take care of themselves.

One day a woman came to the dispensary saying her stomach was full of pus, and that a Tibetan had made a hole in it with an iron rod to let it out. She had the hole over the stomach, and the odor was frightful. It had been done about one month, but when she was told a knife or probe must be used to see where the opening went, and how deep it was, she refused to have it done, left the dispensary, and invited a lot of lamas to read prayers for her.

A little child of ten or eleven years who had been begging on the streets for some days was found lying on the stones and in a dying condition. Dozens of men and women passing and repassing never seeming to even pity, let alone aid. The child was taken to the dispensary, cleaned, and fed, but died that night. Next day it was buried by the mission.

"Unto one of these little ones."

CHAPTER V.

The Entering Wedge—Medicine

"The clouds are broken in the sky,
And through the mountain walls
A rolling organ harmony
Swells up and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear,
O just and faithful knight of God,
Ride on, the prize is near!
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange,
By bridge and pond, by park and pale;
All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail."

To UNDERSTAND how people can be born, live, suffer and die with no medical help to ease pain is quite a difficult thing for one in such a country as this, where the ground is kept clean, the water is looked after, the food carefully examined, teeth cared for, and all pain stopped as soon as may be with the latest scientific methods and the keenest brains to use them.

Will you try to imagine a land and people where these things are all lacking, just for the sake of this little chapter? The Chinese have many drugs which they use in a somewhat skillful way, and many physicians with a sort of medical skill, who demand high

prices for their services, very few doing charity work among the poor. And heretofore the Chinese have always had the solace of opium in severe pain. The Tibetans have no medical science at all, and only a blind trust in their holy men to help them in all and through all ills.

There is no nation perhaps so full of religion as Tibet. It is everywhere: strung on prayer flags, across and across the mountains from tree to tree, on top of the passes, on long poles, in great skin cylinders turned by water-power, in metal prayer-wheels whirled in the hand, or carved on miles and miles of stones along the roads. Religion is everywhere, on everything, in everything. It is in the people as they make their holy pilgrimage to Lassa and home again; coming from Lassa and back again; as they wall themselves in stone huts, away from the sunlight, for years and years to meditate and pray; going over snow mountains, through valleys, in cold and in heat on their stomachs to the holy city, taking years to accomplish their pilgrimage, to be holy men in the end. The land is full of lamas, hundreds, thousands of them; praying always, but leading obscene lives; religion surfeited.

It is a religion of self, for self, enduring pain and hardship, solitary confinement, muttering millions of prayers for the exaltation of self, while those who must serve these holy ones live in hopeless poverty. These priests pitilessly demand money and food when they must have help. It is a religion of husks. Ours is, too, sometimes—is n't it?—when we forget the compassionate heart of the great Master and dream of

self and rest self-satisfied in our own goodness as we compare ourselves to our fellows.

But look once, just once, at Him when He was tired, weary, dust-stained, and with a heart aching over a world that would not see, and stand one moment before the bar of self and with bowed head and humbled heart ask if we are many times less selfish or more compassionate than these "holy" priests of Tibet. Aye, it only needs one clear look at Him and the comparison of your own heart with His, and you will awake and give to Tibet the Master. But many of you have seen the vision and have sent the servants who are trying to serve in His name as you, too, also serve. But religion can not be thrust upon a Tibetan. If he thought that was what was happening when he comes for medicine and sympathy he would certainly turn and have some very important affairs to see to at once. The Chinese are reached more easily, perhaps, than the Tibetans; at least they usually come first for medicine.

Some one is pounding on the mission gate, is in a desperate hurry and wants help at once. Two men have had a quarrel and the one worsted has rushed home and taken a drink of opium mixed with wine and flies back to die on his enemy's doorstep. In despair, as he believes if the man dies on his step the soul will return to haunt him, besides his having to pay the funeral expenses, he runs to the foreign doctor for help. The missionary goes, but has only used a small hypodermic syringe, or "water-gun," while the patient is being held, and the man desperately cries, "Is that

all you are going to do?" "Wait and see," is the answer, and soon that is n't all that is being done by any means. The man quickly recovers and the foreigner has gained his first victory and his reputation is started.

Another day a poor fellow who has been a soldier comes crawling into the dispensary over the mountains from Batang, both legs frozen to just below the knee, the flesh dropping from the bones, and he asks this foreign man to "make the flesh to grow on again." He is taken and fed and told that such a thing is impossible, but that both limbs can be taken off and wooden ones made for him. Because of the superstitious belief that the foreigners eat the livers and eyes of their patients, and the fact that little children are frightened by being told of the horrible things that might be done to them, the operation is performed where all may see. The fellow is put under chloroform as the people stand around, and as the knife slices through the flesh the man does not move. The saw cuts through the bone, the man lies perfectly still, while the onlookers are shivering and groaning, some of them are turning sick—and the work is done. The patient wakes and has felt no pain. "Yes, I understand all about it," one Chinaman says; "the doctor just put some medicine on a rag and held it over the man's face and he went to sleep, then sawed his leg off, and when he got through just tickled him in the ribs a little and woke him up, and that 's all there was to it."

Through such things as these the power of foreign

medicine was growing and the people were hearing about it everywhere, until they believed the blind could be made to see and even the leper healed. And one day the leper came, a stonemason, and falling on his face asked to be cured. It was very hard to tell him it could n't be done, when he said he would give all the money he had made except just a few cents to live on if he might be healed. To him it seemed a much smaller cure than what had been done to others, and he believed it was only because he did n't have money enough to pay for the medicine, and not because it could n't be done that he was refused.

Perhaps the first thing of any importance that brought a knowledge of the use of foreign medicine to the Tibetans was the slight operation on the hand of a big lama belonging to one of the lamaseries in Tachienlu. The big fellow and two or three of his followers came one morning to the house, saying he had thrust a needle into his hand and broken it off in the fleshy part just below the thumb and could n't get it out. He was told that the flesh would have to be cut and small tweezers used to draw the broken piece out. "Yes, but it will hurt," the big fat lama objected. "No," the doctor said, "it will not. I'll put some medicine on with this needle and that will hurt a little, but you can stand that, can't you?" He thought he could, so the hand was deadened with cocaine, the knife thrust in and the needle quickly extracted. While the lama's eyes grew bigger and bigger and those standing around groaned and asked if it did n't hurt, he said, "No, it did n't, but just look at the blood."

"Tsuden," who looks after the cows and mule, makes the flour, and always goes on itinerating trips with the men.

Tibetan woman carrying water that is used for all purposes. There are no wells or cisterns.

This simple operation drove another small missionary wedge into this land in the shape of a needle.

A thousand miles for a doctor, would n't that be an awful distance to go for help in America, especially if you had a right hard pain?

One morning a man came into the little courtyard in Tachienlu asking for medicine or the use of a knife for his master, who was with him and who was ill. He was invited to bring his master and come to the house. Upon examination it was found that there were some scrofulous glands that needed the surgeon's knife. But the instruments were gone, Johnny had taken the boxes of drugs and instruments and gone on ahead of the missionaries to Batang. The operation was impossible, and the man had come one month's journey from the south for help. What was to be done? The man decided for himself to follow the missionary for eighteen days more on to Batang to have those glands removed.

A few days after reaching Batang the man was there, too, and wanted his work done. The chloroform and necessary instruments and medicines were unpacked, a door taken down and used as a table was placed in the upstairs courtyard. The man was placed upon it where every one could see, so they would know that the foreigner had no secret magical power, no dreadful medicine to conjure with or devils to aid him, and the operation was done. Then twenty-five days to his home the man had still to go, but he returned happy. This was the first operation in Batang and the entering wedge has grown a bit larger.

CHAPTER VI.

Itinerating on the Roof of the World.

"Lo, it is I, be not afraid;
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for Me but now;
This crust is My body, broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

WHAT 's happening at the missionary homes this morning? Here goes a man leading three or four yak with their wooden saddles on ready for loads. Here is another man with two or three horses with Chinese saddles for riding. Here go two soldiers who are to accompany them, and the Chinese official representative, to see that things go off properly, and that they receive the money for the use of the Tibetan's cattle and horses. The doctor and the missionary evangelist are going on an itinerating trip of a week or two. The loads are paired off two and two, as two of the bundles or boxes go on one animal. There is no choice, as they

are made as nearly equal in weight as possible; if they are not, a stone is added to the lighter side to make it even.

Things are about ready, the Tibetans pack up the skin bags of bedding and extra clothing, the box of provisions, the little stove. The yak are loaded and started. Now the foreigners are coming, the rifles strapped to the saddles, revolvers belted on, oil skins strapped behind saddles, ready for a sudden mountain storm, and a last good-bye is waved to the wives and babies and they are off. They travel on steadily until noon, when a stop for rest and dinner is made in a small village. But what's the matter? Is there nobody at home, with the houses all locked and everything silent? But look a bit closer; there's somebody on top of the house.

The men go on about their business, the little campfire is lighted, and the medicine box opened up by the roadside. Soon here come one or two of the braver ones out of curiosity. As they come near they are greeted in their own language, which is a bit of a surprise, and they begin talking and wondering over the queer things they see. They come still closer to see the strange foreigners eat, are offered a bite of foreign cheese, but say it is n't fit to eat. They listen to a watch, but are afraid to hear it tick, not knowing at all what it is.

Perhaps a few patients come, but the horses are soon saddled and they are off again, going up the mountain. It gets colder and colder, overcoats are put on, and the oil skins as well, as it is hailing. A

Library of
Pacific Bible Seminary
4835 East Anaheim Street
Long Beach, California

little higher and snow covers the ground for several inches; and then down into a valley, which gets warmer and warmer, and soon it is summer again. Flowers are everywhere and heavy coats are shed, and it is pleasant once more.

Sometimes they stop in a deserted or ruined lamasery, which is the result of the war between the Tibetans and Chinese, and sleep surrounded by paintings of the Buddhist hell, and lords of the east, west, north, and south heavens, and an image of the thousand-handed Chenrezik, with an eye in the center of each hand. The people remind them often of the American Indians, living in huts, the children running naked into the grass and trees to hide when they see the men. Even the grown people run and bar the doors and hide, or if they have n't time to get in the house they make for a gully or ditch.

The medicine box is opened, and soon one or two are coming, and then the people come in bigger crowds, and foreign medicine along with the Gospel in Tibetan is being given at the feet of "Chenrezik," much to that old god's surprise and disgust, no doubt.

So on they go every day for a week, for two weeks, and even four. For one whole week the two men ask only grass for the horses as their compensation, and got two eggs besides.

On one long, long trip, which was made possible by Dr. Loftis coming, some six hundred patients were given medicine, and many friends made and invitations given for them to visit the homes in Batang, but the food gave out and they had to eat tsamba and butter

Dr Shelton going down the Yangtse in a coracle.

The musk-deer hair cushions used in place of chairs by the Tibetans strapped to the donkey. The iron pans and tea churn. About ready to go out and have a good time.

tea, and were glad to reach home and get clean once more.

But they have stopped for another day in the great salt city of Yen Gin, where salt has been procured for two thousand years. This salt is carried up out of shallow, narrow salt-water wells by barefooted women, up notched logs and poured on the flat top of the houses to dry. There is no machinery whatever, only the sun and wind to aid them.

The first medical case is a woman who wants a keloid removed from her ear. Cocaine is used, and as it is cut out the groans and sighs are most audible, though she assures the onlookers that it does n't hurt at all, which they do n't believe and tell her she is lying or possessed of a devil.

Amid the increased excitement a man comes dragging his son with a harelip. It is cocained and fastened, while the room fills with natives to see what is being done. They crowd so closely, the doctor can hardly use his arms.

Medicine is given out right and left, while hot shots of Gospel are put in between doses of calomel and santonine.

But a trip down the Yangtse is necessary this day, and there 's only one way to go. This is in a coracle, and in it they get and away they are whirled. A coracle is a boat of yak-skin sewed over a bamboo framework, with only a piece of squashy wet skin between the passengers and the fish of the Yangtse.

But the journey is made in safety, the four passengers and their gods are unloaded, and the Tibetan

boatman puts the little light shell on his head and walks back upstream along the banks to the starting place to wait for another traveler.

It is evening again and the little group have stopped for the night, the landlady and her daughter have sore eyes. They are given some boric acid to be dissolved in boiling water and used to wash the eyes, then some yellow oxide of mercury salve to be rubbed on after they were clean. The men go to bed, but are roused by a man coming in, saying the medicine will not stick on. They have poured boiling water over the salve, too!

Again they start on another day's travel, and as they halt at one place they find a man who has been severely hooked by a yak, the horn striking just above the eyebrow and entering the eye-socket, almost gouging out the eye. It is frightfully swelled and very painful; it is dressed, and it is found the next morning that the eye is not injured, and the people are exceedingly grateful for the kindness.

In another home a poor old woman has not pleased some of the soldiers quartered in her house, and as a result her eye has been gouged out and is still very painful. A man there has also displeased the troops, and has been beaten until the flesh has fallen from the bones and the places refused to heal, and they came asking medicine for him.

It is not simply Tibetans that suffer from these bamboo spankings, but the Chinese officials punish their own soldiers, so that the flesh often drops from the leg and you might lay three fingers into the gash.

(Dr. Hardy has just written that a soldier had been spanked so severely that he had taken one and one-third pounds of meat, by actual weight, from the back of one of his thighs.)

It is now the city of Janka they have reached, the first city over the border. As the city is very small, and the houses all are huts and all full, a garrison of Chinese being stationed there, it is difficult to find any place at all to stay. Finally a small room is found in which the cots are placed. The medicine box is taken into the street. Some of the soldiers here have been in Batang and are soon asking for medicine. After a few fingers and toes have been taken off and a boil or two opened for the soldiers, the Tibetans lose their fear and begin to come. The oil skins have to be spread on the beds to keep the dirt off, as it keeps falling from the ceiling, for the people, who are still afraid, are crowding to the top of the house to see what is being done.

Busy all day, and next morning again they start for home, and come in the evening to the stone which marks the boundary between Tibet and China, where no foreigner has ever before been allowed to pass, the Tibetans guarding the place with loaded guns.

One day down the road they meet a caravan of Tibetan gypsies, men, women, and children, with donkeys loaded with tsamba, as it is harvest time and they have begged a lot of grain. They all crowd around the big lama, who is along this time, begging him to bless them, offering to him gifts of cheese, butter, and tsamba for this. Many offer a string for

Library of
Pacific Bible Seminary
4835 East Anaheim Street
Long Beach, California

him to tie a knot in and blow his breath on it. This is then tied on the neck or the arm, and as he is a holy man his breath protects against the devils.

Later a man comes bringing a bundle of barley and asking the lama to cast lots and see what is the matter with his cattle. He says nothing has been the matter with the cattle until his father's death, and now about twelve of them have died. So the lama throws his dice three times and renders his decision thus: His father had been a very lucky man and nothing could or would touch his things, but now that he is dead the devils may come and do all the damage they wish. He tells the man to get three of their sacred books and have lamas read them through for him, and that will send the demons away.

Afterwards Dr. Shelton speaks to the lama: "Your explanation about the cattle was very good; but how about those books; will they do that for him?" The lama replies that he does not know, but it would n't do to tell anybody that fact, as they would soon lose their authority if the people discovered they did n't know these things.

But perhaps you would like to see them in the evening around the camp-fire, when all work is done and it is recreation time. Three stones are placed together and a fire of brush or dried argols made, if the altitude is too high for timber. If it does n't burn bright enough to boil the tea in the brass kettle, a goat-skin bellows is used. This is made of an entire skin with a metal tube fastened in at the neck, and it takes a master hand to make it blow.

The black tent of yak-hair in which the nomads live.

A group of robbers, whose district has been among the last to yield to General Joa, but are now subject to Chinese rule.

Now is the time for preaching, but it must be warily done. After years of study and hard hunting some of their folk-lore stories are found, and the teacher tells one of these. When they hear one with which perhaps they are familiar it makes some one think of one he can tell; and so it goes around the group. When there is a lull the teacher says, "I 'll tell one now; and it 's all true, every word of it;" and as simply as it can be told, a bit of a miracle or a glimpse of the Christ-life as He forgave His enemies is told; and wonderful it seems to them, as a Tibetan never forgives. In these stories they are being told there is a Jesus, and why the teacher came to tell them about Him, and how he came. Other tales follow, and three Gospel stories, perhaps, get told in one evening, but not as a new religion. Oh, no; that would prove disastrous at first, and the teacher would be left alone to tell his tales to the night, and his opportunity would be lost.

As you imagine yourself there by the fire listening in the darkness, under the stars and in the mystery of the night, as it comes on those great mountains, would you like a black tent story? The black tent of yak-hair stands at a little distance from the fire, and very soon all go to sleep under it and the world is alone. Then listen to the story, as these stories are not printed or written, but handed down from father and son. Can you see the big, shaggy fellow in his dirty gown, the color of the rocks and mountains, his twisted braid of hair covered with ivory, and silver rings coiled around

his head, sitting cross-legged by the fire telling it in his strange tongue?

The Ingratitude of Man.

Once upon a time there was a lonesome road that passed along above a deep chasm. It was a very dangerous road to travel, and one night after a heavy rain it caved in, taking down into the ravine a man, a crow, a rat, and a snake who were traveling along there at the time. They sat on the ground wondering how they were ever going to get out. They thought they would have to starve to death there, when a traveler came along and, looking down, saw them. They all, at one time, began to beg and plead to be helped out; so he threw a long rope down to them, and one after another pulled them all out. They all expressed great gratitude, and said they would never forget him and what he had done for them.

The traveler in his heart thought that the man might be his friend sometime, but he rather scorned the idea that a crow, or a rat, or a snake could ever help him in any way.

A long time after this had taken place, at the palace of the king in this country, the queen was on top of the house washing her hair; she had taken off her jeweled necklace and laid it down, and when her hair was dry went below and forgot it. Then the crow who had been rescued by the traveler long ago, flying over the house saw the necklace and said, "This would be a good present to give to that traveler who pulled me

out of the chasm," so he picked it up with his bill, took it to him and told him where he got it.

The next day the traveler, with the necklace, met the man he had rescued and remarked, "Look here, I did n't think that crow would be much of a friend, but see, he has brought me these jewels that belong to the queen." The man who had been rescued, upon hearing this, at once went to the king and said, "The queen's necklace you will find in the house of a certain man," and gave the name of his rescuer.

The king at once sent his men, arrested the traveler, and cast him into prison. He was about to starve to death in that horrible place when the rat that he had rescued, and who lived there, came and asked, "How did you happen to get in here?" The man told him the story of his arrest and of the ingratitude of the man he had rescued, and that he was almost starved, and that he would surely die unless help came to him very soon.

The rat went away, entered into the king's palace, stole food from the king's table, carried it to the man in the dungeon, and so saved him.

On another day the snake came along and, seeing him there, asked, "How did it happen that you are here in prison?" The traveler told the story again, and the snake said, "Never mind, I'll get you free." Now this snake was a necromancer and made himself into a ghost-snake which could be felt but not seen, wound himself around the king's neck and almost choked him to death.

The king called for his great men, his wise men, and his lamas. The lamas cast lots and told the king

that this ghost-snake that was choking him was one of the patron-saints of the man he had in prison, and that if he would loose the prisoner and treat him kindly his choking would cease. So he called for the prisoner to be brought before him, gave him much money and many jewels, and sent him away wealthy. The king's troubles stopped, and the traveler was made happy by the help of the three whom he had doubted and scorned.

CHAPTER VII.

How We Live.

"Up the steep summit of my life's forenoon,
Three things I learned, three things of precious worth,
To guide and help me down the western slope:
I have learned how to pray, and toil, and save;
To pray for courage to receive what comes,
Knowing what comes to be divinely sent.
To toil for universal good, since thus and only thus
Can good come unto me.
To save by giving whatsoe'er I have
To those who have not—this alone is gain."

JOHNNY had gone ahead of the mission in April with the drugs and all the freight that could be spared, and had rented three rooms in two Tibetan inns for the two families. He scrubbed, and cleaned, and papered with Chinese wall-paper, and everything was as clean as he could get it. But in the other half lived a Tibetan family with their servants and slaves. There was the barn downstairs, full of yak, pigs, horses, donkeys, and piles of manure. There were no screens, no windows, but strips of wood over openings in the wall which closed with wooden doors, making it dark as a dungeon inside. Flies, heat, dirt and threshing chaff were everywhere. Little Dorris had a spell of fever, not very severe, caused by the filth perhaps, but her "legs would n't go," she said, and that was something new

for her, for they had always been able to go before. Baby Dorothy had dysentery for months and only got better in the fall.

From July 24th until December 10th we lived in this inn. Then we were able to get a house for ourselves. Mr. and Mrs. Ogden came on October 31st and lived in an inn for more than a year, when they got a house and fixed it for themselves. Glad indeed were we all when a mud palace for each family was procured, and it could be scraped clean of manure, whitewashed, cleaned, and scrubbed. The screening taken out for the new house was used, and the glass made into windows, and the slats were cut out, and we could have light and air once more. There was quite a diminishing of dirt and smells, and we could sit under our own walnut trees, have a little garden, be clean, have a place for the babies to play, and get rid of a few germs and noises.

The houses at Batang are nearly all of two stories, with a third a kind of shed over only half the roof. The four walls are built of the yellow mud, something as concrete buildings are put up in this country, the wooden frame being filled with mud and tamped solid with round wooden "pounders;" then the frame is raised, and so on to the required height. Great round beams stand upright every few feet in the form of a square, six upright beams running one way and five the other way, with heavy crosspieces for holding the floor overhead and the heavy, flat mud-roof. The partitions are made with boards and must be placed where the upright poles are, and all grooved and

driven in, as the house has to be made without nails. The doors are hung with a pivot at top and bottom, and fitted into holes made for the purpose.

This is the average house. Some are but one story, dark and filthy. Others are five stories; the lower is dark, with crude stone floors, and, as it has always been used for a barn, can not be lived in, but is used as storehouse for wood, for grain-boxes, and for hay for the horses and cows. The family lives on the second floor. In our house the courtyard was a cesspool of filthy water and the ground floor one foot deep in manure. It was dug and scraped and cleaned and scrubbed; the courtyard was filled with stones and dirt. Whitewash made the walls of mud all white. It *did* smell nice and clean. Then the big clay stove was knocked to pieces and carried out of the prospective bedroom, some floor was put in, and the black crosspoles above ceiled, to keep the clay and bugs from falling on our beds. The floors were scalded and scraped, and scalded and scraped again. The walls were papered with Chinese paper a bit like light-brown wrapping paper, and we were about ready to "move home."

Furniture was scarce, as the Chinese half-breed carpenters had to be taught how to make it. But we had a small table or two, one small folding rocking-chair, our beds of wooden frames corded with yak-hide strings, our own dishes, and a small cookstove brought from Shanghai. We were all well and happy to be alone in the greatest haven that can be had on the mission field—a home.

We bought two cows and had our own milk and butter. We had bought milk, but it was so dirty, as they have no strainers and never wash their own hands or the cow. At first we used their butter, but had to cook it and strain out the hairs, etc., and it was n't very good. They do n't wash the churns, either, so the butter does not smell very fresh; no salt is used in it, and the cakes are patted out with the bare hands. Salt is used in their "butter tea," but it is such dirty stuff, dried and swept up on the top of the mud-houses, that we refine all that we use.

The lights commonly used are pitch-pine slivers of wood. Sometimes they use butter lamps, but these are more often burned in front of their idols, as most of the people are too poor to afford butter to burn. We use candles and have a bit of kerosene for photographic work and to use on state occasions, like Christmas time and Fourth of July.

Sugar, coffee, soap, candles, medicine, tea, and anything in the line of stores must be procured in Chungking or Shanghai, and we estimate these just about cost their weight in silver by the time they reach us. It takes from five to six months to send an order and have the goods returned to us from Shanghai. The Tibetans do not raise vegetables, caring only for the grain. The Chinese located here have small gardens, and during the first year we could buy from them a few onion tops, cabbage, turnips, and an occasional carrot. We had cabbage in various forms that first winter. We had it creamed and boiled and fried, in kraut cold and hot, and in Chinese

Our mud palace in Batang.

A Tibetan house where the night is spent. This is a stop for dinner.

fashion. I don't think cabbage and turnips very good, either. We had a few messes of potatoes the size of marbles. In the fall, when the yak are just off the grass, we get some good beef; but in the winter, when they are about starved, it is difficult to eat yak-meat at all. We can get pork, also, but as the pigs eat very little besides the filth from the streets and look as if they had just recovered from a good squeezing between rollers, and are so poor that they have to be "blowed up" (which the Chinese do by blowing them up from one of the feet) before they can be scraped, the meat isn't as satisfactory as it might be.

However, the next year we were not so badly off, for we had sent home for seeds, and our gardens were a precious thing to us, I can tell you. We have now just the same vegetables as you do in America, except watermelons, and they don't mature. Fruit is the thing we miss the most. We have nothing but peaches and grapes. I tried to make peach jelly, but it wouldn't "jell." For breakfast food we can not get "Post Toasties" and "Kellogg's Corn Flakes," but we have rice sometimes and cooked tsamba, with sugar and cream, and eggs, as we have our own chickens, a bit like the American leghorns. Tibetan eggs, when bought, have an uncanny way of popping and sending forth an odor, as bad eggs are supposed to be bought and sold. Like as not they have taken them from under the hens when two weeks had passed; I suppose they consider them meaty and wholesome!

The flour is out, and more must be made to-day. The big box is unlocked, and Tsuden, the servant,

takes a bushel of wheat to the stream, washes it, skims off the chaff and unfinished grains, carries it to the top of the flat roof, and spreads it out on matting to dry. He stays near it, keeping the droves of English sparrows from eating it all up. He then picks out the little stones and pebbles, as it has all been threshed out with flails on the flat mud-roof and swept up with the small brooms of weeds, dirt as well as wheat. Now he carries it to the water-mill and the flour is made by grinding the wheat between two millstones. This way it is fairly clean, but lacks whiteness and the springy quality of home flour.

Of course, we have to teach them to wash dishes, as they have never seen a plate, cup, glass, or a knife and fork, and a dishrag might be used as a pocket-handkerchief or washcloth, and the dishpan for a foot-tub, as the Chinese so often do. The Tibetan has a wooden bowl, which he carries in the front of his gown, and licking it clean is his way of washing it, after which he wipes it on his sleeves and puts it into his gown until he is ready to use it again. This is the only food implement he knows about.

Wash-pans and soap were things unknown to the Tibetans until the coming of the Chinese, who take civilization in a way and of their own with them. Floors have to be scrubbed and scalded twice a week, unless we wish to be crowded out by inhabitants smaller than ourselves.

Finally everything was kept pretty well out but the rats. It seemed impossible to get the boards of the floor and the ceiling and the mud-walls close

enough to keep them from dancing jigs in the wash-pan and chewing the wallpaper.

Though our food costs as much or more than at home, the clothing does not, for the latest style is not at all important. A new hat once in eight years is all we need, as a sun helmet is worn all the year. As for the rest of the garments, we send for cloth and make what is needed. When everything else gives out, what is left of the doctor's trousers makes fine little garments for the girls; and he does wear out a lot of them riding so much. They get patched sometimes, and if a Chinaman does the patching the patch goes on the outside; and if it is not always of the same color it does not matter, for the Tibetans are not at all particular as to the blending of colors.

Our shoes are a problem, but we make Chinese shoes of black velvet for the babies. It is poor stuff, and worse leather for soles; but as it is dry nearly all the year, they serve the purpose.

If the mission as a whole were dropped suddenly into the midst of a fashionable American church, amid the stylish garments of the day, it would n't be up to date with regard to hats, tight-fitting garments, shoes, and the latest in the men's clothing department; but, then—we could n't be dropped. So as it takes three months to get home, we pick up the new civilization by degrees as we come to it, and are able to assimilate it gradually, especially these wonderfully buttoned gowns and the immense hair-dressing with its wonderful curls.

Shall I tell you what we do for a whole week?

Library of
Pacific Bible Seminary
4835 East Anaheim Street
Long Beach, California

It will not sound so elegant, but perhaps you can see us a bit plainer and be with us in your hearts.

It is Monday; washday always. The Tibetan woman comes and fills with water the big iron pans that are built in over the clay stove. Tsuden sweeps the little courtyard with his little bunch of weeds; the cows are milked, breakfast over, and the soiled clothes sorted and given to the woman. If it is a new woman, she does n't know anything about the washboard or soap, and has to be taught; and if one is not careful the colored things go with the white ones, and there is likely to be an awful mix with all washed at once in little more than a teacup full of water. So the clothes must be watched until they are on the line, the tubs washed, and the women gone for their dinner. After noon they are shown how to sprinkle and fold the garments; the evening work is done, and it is the first day.

Tuesday is ironing day. They must be taught to iron the clothes, and it is no easy work to a native who has never seen or handled an iron.

Wednesday is devoted to scrubbing and scalding the floors, with the daily work which must always be done.

Thursday is washday again. Things do get dirtier than they do at home. The houses are mud, the windows and doors are very open, the wind blows and dirt flies. On Thursday evening the little union prayer-meetings of the four mission families that are there are held, and they are good indeed.

Friday is ironing day again, and Saturday is house-cleaning day once more.

Then, on Sunday, the preaching service and Sunday-school in the morning, and our afternoons we usually spend alone. On Sunday evening we have our own little prayer-meeting—just our own mission—for strength and plans for the week.

Of course, I have only told you the weekly routine of regular housework. It does n't include the trips, the dispensary, the daily and hourly teaching, the beggars and poor who come for help, the thousand-and-one things which fill the life of the workers on a mission field.

Neither have I told you of the heartaches we have sometimes; of feeling as if we were forgotten by the busy ones at home; of our uneasiness when one of our own little band is ill or a baby ailing; of the sin and degradation around us and the forlorn people who demand from us always; of the hopeless lives and endurance of pain upon faces that expect nothing more.

Ah, yes, there is a bit of Gethsemane in it all, O my Master; but only a tiny portion to us who are so weak. For Thou hast borne it all long ago, and left only a little for us.

Neither have I told you of our compensations. You say, "You sacrifice so much." That is just what we do n't do, for He whom we serve makes it up to us one hundred-fold, yea, one thousand-fold, in His nearness, His strength, His comforting, and makes for us the heart-sunshine, from which we may give to those who demand so much. For in Him are comfort and peace, and we do not lack for anything in His service.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Man with the Broken Head.

"Even unto the least of these."

Not so many days after getting to Batang and opening the little mud dispensary and putting the beds up in the inn, a big red card came from the Chinese official asking Dr. Shelton to come to the yamen, as he wished to see him about a small affair. Seizing his hat, with some uneasiness he went to the house of the official. The official received him most graciously, gave him the chair of honor, and insisted on filling his teacup several times. Then he asked after the health of both families for several generations back, until finally, squirming around, Dr. Shelton said, "You sent for me; what was it you wanted me to do?" "Oh," said the official, "there 's a Tibetan down here that 's hurt a little. A rock fell and struck his head. I 'd like to have you go down and fix him up." "All right," replied the doctor; and after another siege of Oriental bowing and scraping he goes to find the injured man. Going by the dispensary, he gets a wash-pan, hot water, bandages, and instruments for fixing a scalp wound. He goes to the Tibetan house and finds the poor fellow on a pile of straw and manure. He had been carried and laid there about two hours

before. The doctor found that, instead of it being a scalp wound, the skull was crushed and the brains were oozing from the wound. He dropped the instruments on the ground and went back to the official faster than he went the first time. After gaining admittance he marched up to him and said: "I can't operate on that man. I dare not. He will die if I do, and I 'm not going to touch him." "Well, but you must do something. Can't you do anything for him?" objected the official. "Yes, I can; but I don't want to, for if he died under the foreigner's knife it might mean the lives of us all." "Well," replied the mandarin, "you go on, and I 'll stand back of you, whatever the result may be." So back went the doctor in great fear, to do what he knew he ought to do to save the life of this man. It seemed that so much depended on the success of the first surgical work, perhaps the lives of the foreigners there, the stability and possibility of a Tibetan mission. It seemed a pity to destroy all the work and hope of years that had gone before with a stroke or two of the surgeon's knife; but it must be done, and with shut teeth and a passionate prayer for help he went to work. The poor fellow was lifted and placed on a door and carried into a Tibetan house. A sheet was taken and stretched up to keep the dirt from falling on him as the doctor worked. He began washing and shaving and cleaning that terrible wound, in the midst of the dirty, lousy, tangled, buttered hair. Then twelve pieces of bone were taken out, and the wound was closed over and bandaged. The poor fellow was just about used up

when he came out from under the anæsthetic. Dr. Shelton came home with a set face and said: "The man will be dead in the morning. I did the best I could, but I do n't see how he can possibly live." We felt pretty downhearted that night and fearful of what the morrow would bring. After breakfast he went to see his patient, and the chap tried to raise up off his straw bed to thank him! With a face perfectly blank with surprise, and yet in which awe and thankfulness were mingled, he returned and said: "Well, I did the best I could; but by all the knowledge of medicine I possess, that man should have been dead this morning. The Lord has healed him." There was no other explanation for it.

In a month the fellow was ready to walk home, one hundred miles, and he left the city.

One day some three or four months later, as Dr. Shelton was coming to dinner from the dispensary, he saw two old people—about fifty or sixty years of age, perhaps—coming towards him; and as they approached, down both went on their knees, bumping their heads on the ground. He asked: "What is the matter? What do you want? Get up; we do n't allow that." They arose and took a few steps, and down they went once more, kotowing and pounding the ground with their foreheads. Again he told them to get up, and asked again what it was they wanted. Then they said: "Do you remember that man whose head was caved in? Well, he is our son, and we have come to thank you for saving his life." They did not know that the foreign doctor had had little to do with

"The man with the broken head."

that; but as they never had heard the name of Jesus, they could only think it was the foreigner.

Being too poor to hire a horse, those two old people had come about one hundred miles on foot, about five or six days' journey, to thank this man for saving their son. Out of his dirty sheepskin gown the man pulled a chicken, a wad of butter, and some eggs as pay for this medical service. The money value was n't much, but the heartfelt gratitude could n't be measured in silver and gold. Lives wasted among these people? Ah, no; for in the Master's service there is always compensation that is infinitely more of value than gold or precious stones.

CHAPTER IX.

A Tibetan Sunday-School.

"Yeshu gna la jam bar zat,
Sung rap gna la song gin duk.
Trugu nam kong gi yni di,
Di tso stop chung kong ni chi.

"Yeshu gna la jam so,
Yeshu che la jam so,
Yeshu gna la jam so,
Dam cho la dri ne duk."

Do you hear them singing? It is Sunday morning; the little chapel organ is playing, and they are singing of Jesus in that queer language, yet the Name—that wonderful Name—is much alike in all tongues. Step into the little mud house and visit with them this service hour. The house is full; yes, crowded. More than two hundred are jammed into that small room. The windows are open, but still it does n't smell very fresh in there; there are such a lot of buttery Tibetans —dirty, dirty little children; thirty or forty of them— and a lot of Chinese that have n't lately had a bath. But it does n't matter; everybody is singing—some in Tibetan, some in Chinese—and the tune is n't always the best in the world; but they are all making a noise, and that is something.

Mr. Ogden is leading on one side of the room, perhaps in Chinese, as the audience is a mixed one, and Dr. Shelton on the other side in Tibetan. They all sing two or three songs, then the crowd is divided. Mrs. Ogden takes the women into one room, Dr. Shelton the children into another, and Mr. Ogden preaches the sermon proper to the more educated Chinese audience of soldiers and a few farmers. Perhaps he will play a song or two on the phonograph Dr. Loftis brought, or give them a Chinese record or two on the same, which they enjoy very much indeed. Shall we peep into the other rooms too? Mrs. Ogden has the women, many of them with tiny babies. She talks a little to them, tries to teach them a song, one line at a time, as none of them can read, and they are always jumping up to look out of the window to see what 's happening outside. As much as she says in teaching, perhaps even more to them, is her own clean dress and face, her neatly combed hair, and white-dressed baby Ruth looking like a little white flower in that crowd of dirty women and dirtier babies. A native woman with clean, washed clothes carries the white baby while the mother teaches.

Dr. Shelton is in another room, sitting on the floor or on a low stool, and thirty-five or forty dirty little children are squatted around him. He is holding a Sunday-school card in his hand, after giving each one, and is telling them the story as it is pictured on the card. Between times he teaches the names of the apostles, of the father and mother of Jesus, of the books of the Bible. These are all to be committed.

These lads and lasses know little of books, and the cards are in English, anyway.

In half an hour Mr. Ogden calls them all into the bigger room. The song, "'T is midnight, and on Olive's brow," is sung and the communion given to the little crowd of Christians, about fifteen of them now, besides ourselves. The crowd is very quiet, and it is good to partake with them.

The questions are so often asked: "Is it any use to preach to these people?" "Don't you think it a waste of time to spend your lives among them?" "Aren't they too far down in the scale of humanity for them to ever comprehend Christianity?" "Do you see any improvement or any difference in their lives after they become Christians?" Let me answer these questions in the order I have written them. This first kind of question is asked us over and over again. Yes, it is of use to preach to them, because we are commanded to do so; they need it; and is there anything better in the world to teach to a man or woman or child? A waste of time? Nay; but a life well spent. It is only a little one man can do against years of superstition and heathenism, but the little is the beginning and points to the way for others to follow; for as long as the Book is read, just so long will there be followers of the Nazarene to carry to those who do not know the story of His life. Perhaps we miss much of the outside of what is called happiness, but we gain a heart-happiness which is infinitely more; and what does it all count in the end? We must all die some time, somewhere, some day; and if the Master is forgotten

every day, can we expect Him to remember us? You say they are too low down, dear friends? Ah, yes, when you judge by schools, by cleanness, by living, by morals. But is n't it the heart, after all, that is the measure of the man? These people, many of them, are tender-hearted, generous, kind, loving, and are so thankful for a word of loving sympathy. It is true, there are rascals among them, and they might flay you with a smile if the opportunity offered. But, do you judge America by its worst men? I 'm afraid some of those black, buttery Tibetans would come out far ahead of some of the "white slavers" if opportunity of knowing the right was used in the balance scales of character. To require the same standard for Christianity there, where it has never been known, and here in this land, with churches everywhere, is not reasonable. That is one of the marvels of the Christ, so sweet, so simple that a child or a savage may understand and live, yet so marvelous that men possessing the keenest and most brilliant intellects are not able to comprehend Him. To them we teach love and the forgiveness of their enemies, to worship the true God, to burn or put away all their idols, to cleave to one wife, to tell the truth, and to give of their pittance to the ones poorer than they. It is enough; could you ask for more or less?

Mr. Ogden is most careful in his training and in his teaching. The conditions are so different from the homeland. At the first the people know absolutely nothing of Christ. They come to him for a year or a year and a half; then, if at the end of that time they

are still in earnest and know the simple truths, they are baptized. Do they ever fall and make mistakes and go back to the old lives? Yes, some of them go wrong and fail, but they are helped up and start again. Do you ever stumble and go wrong sometimes, with all the good so near to you?

Perhaps the first difference noticed in those who become Christians is the look on their faces and their trying to "clean up." If the convert is a Chinaman, he will likely put a clean gown over a dirty one, but that does n't matter; he is trying. They learn that every seventh day is "worship" day; that there is a God that is neither brass, stone, nor mud; one who listens and helps and comforts. The Tibetans are a little slower learning to clean up than the Chinese, perhaps because they have fewer clothes, and washing is such a foreign element in their lives. But those who are in our homes learn that we wash and put on our cleanest gowns that day, and slowly but surely they try to have theirs clean for that morning, to have their heads buttered and braided, and faces and hands washed, no matter if they are barefooted and have rings of dirt around their arms, as far up as the water and foreign soap has reached.

It is said by some man that, standing on the hills above the city of Canton, the sound that reaches you is all in a minor key, a tone of sadness inexpressible, and you do not wonder, after scanning the faces of hundreds and hundreds carrying the hopeless look of the centuries, coupled with the years of ceaseless toil for a pittance of bread. To them Christ has not yet

been taken. Poor China! The souls of her people all live in minor tones, and not until the knowledge of hope in Him shall reach them will the wailing change to the major chorus of praise.

Will you take a peep into the mission school in Nankin and see the bright, clean, happy faces there? Here is a little girl walking on her knees. What is the matter? Oh, the feet were bound too tightly and had to be amputated. And that little baby over there, she is too young to go to school, is n't she? Yes, but Miss Lyon found her out among the graves, where she had been thrown to die or be eaten by the street dogs, and the school girls love to care for her, and Miss Lyon sees that she is clothed and fed. But you wanted to hear about the Tibetan children at Sunday-school; but I could n't help but give you a glimpse of this Christian school, though it is only a peep. We will go back to Batang again, and you can walk in at the side door and up to the front, and have a seat of honor and take a look at them all. In one corner are the women; on one side are the Chinese men, and on the other Tibetans, while right around the organ cluster the day-school boys who sing best and know the words and can read the songs. They have been in school a few months and know them.

Do you see that little fellow with big ears and big, bright eyes? He has just been in school a short time. His father was cook to a few soldiers and ate opium, and the little fellow had what food he could find and the few dirty garments he could get from somewhere. He belongs to the mission school now, has his head

Library of
Pacific Bible Seminary
4835 East Anaheim Street
Long Beach, California

shaved, and a bath and two suits of clean clothes, and right proud is he of the fact, and you will have to ask Mr. Ogden whether he learns quickly or not. Then that little girl that looks so much cleaner than the rest? Yes, she is a school girl, and Mrs. Ogden has had her for four years. The big boy over there looking quite clean and important is Li Guay Guang. He has been in the mission for six years. He is a Christian and can take charge of the services now; he is about eighteen years old and is married to a little Tibetan girl, "Candro," who goes to school with him. The other little chap is Li Guay Guang's brother and is about thirteen years old now. He was starving, lousy, sore-headed, and freezing when the mission took him. Mr. Ogden baptized him last summer. He can preach and lead a prayer-meeting if they ask him to, and sing about the best of the group. Another little girl over there? Yes, she is in school too. Mr. Ogden got her and had her head shaved and washed, and gave her two changes of clothes. She is a Tibetan.

Did you look at the faces outside and all along the road as you came? Is there any difference between those and the ones you see here? Perhaps in the writing I have not made you see the contrast in the lives and faces of these people with whom we work, and to whom hope of the future for the first time has come; but I have tried, and I would have you know this, that all men who come in even a small way in touch with the life of the Nazarene live lives that are sweeter, purer, and brighter if they wish them to be.

CHAPTER X.

A Mission Day-School.

"I hear the voices of children
Calling from over the seas,
The wail of their pleading accents
Comes home upon every breeze.

"And what are the children saying,
Away in these heathen lands,
As they plaintively lift their voices
And eagerly stretch their hands?

"O, Buddha is cold and distant,
He does not regard our tears;
We pray, but he never answers;
We call, but he never hears.

"We grope in the midst of darkness,
With none who can guide aright:
O share with us, Christian children,
A spark of your living light."

YES, there are babies everywhere in Batang: little ones and big ones, pretty ones and ugly ones, babies somebody loves and babies not wanted at all. You see them rolling around in the dirt, and it is such dirty dirt that you want to pick them up and wash and dress them and put them in school, and not let them play all day and never learn to read or to do

anything else but keep alive. They know nothing whatever of school or books or study; but they know a lot of the worship of demons and devils, and of the burning of butter lamps in front of the great painted Buddha or some of his reincarnations. Perhaps they might be divided into two classes: those who must go to the lamasery to be trained and taught as priests, and those who remain to care for the home.

The eldest son always goes to become a priest; sometimes more than one son goes, if he can be spared and the family is a large one. He enters the monastery at five or six years of age, and dons the brick-red gown and has his head shaved. During the first years of his life, unless he is to be a lama of great authority, he is a kind of servant to the older priests, running errands, carrying wood and water, or acting as personal body servant to some of the older men.

They are taught a little every day; some learn letters or commit long prayers and lists of lucky and unlucky things to do. They learn to worship the great idol as well as hundreds of lesser idols—some male, some female—or pictures used for the placating of devils and demons by which they are always surrounded. This worship is through prayers or by eating bits of food as they sit chanting. Their food consists of tsamba rolled in a wad, which hungry dogs are always watching for and snap up at once. Sometimes sour milk snapped from the third finger is thrown out to appease demons with large stomachs and needle-sized necks who never get enough to eat.

It looks rather pitiful to see the little fellows don

the weird costumes in their yearly dances, stepping and whirling with the great heads of animals made of paper and worn over their faces, all as worship. Does it not seem as if the little chap would get afraid and lonesome, and want to run home to his mother for a bit of comfort, away from these great, big, solemn priests and their incessant drumming and chanting? One feels as though he would want to get back home once in a while, even if his bed was on the ground, with only a goatskin or sheepskin covering, where he would n't be lonesome any more and could play awhile with the brothers and sisters, and not have to be whipped if he forgot his long prayers or failed to sit cross-legged in a perfectly correct manner. However, it is the greatest honor that can come to a Tibetan home to have a son at the lamasery, for he has a great deal of authority, and the other people all do as he says. He can command the best wages and the best food for his prayers and chanting, and the wealth of the land is all owned by the lamas, while the rent from the fields is all to be paid to the monastery.

Perhaps it would be better to say "was," as now in the region where the mission is located there are no lamaseries, except very small ones, and the tax is all paid to the Chinese Government. But such was the custom before the Chinese took possession of the country. Such is the life of the little boys who are to become priests. The other little fellows remain at home, herding the goats, sheep, or yak, helping in the fields, carrying water, churning butter tea, learning to grind the barley into tsamba, wearing one gown of

goatskin or sheepskin until it is worn out; happy and dirty, with no books, no study, no washing of necks and ears, sleeping where they happen to be, mostly on the ground or boards built along the wall and raised a little from the floor. So it goes on, day after day, until the boy is grown and can go and live in his tent or bring a wife to his home or go out and make one of their own. Perhaps he learns to snare the musk deer or pheasant, or shoot a bear or tiger, and get the teeth to sell or wear. Of course he learns to chant the prayer "Om mani padme hum" and go on the proper side of the mani piles and lay up all the merit he can for himself in many ways by having prayer flags strung on strings and stretched about the house. Perhaps a prayer flag flies fastened to his gunstock. You see them on the side of long poles, and still others at the top of every pass; but, of course, all Tibetans do these things, and the lamas most of all, for it is their business to be "holy" and "good."

Since the Chinese have destroyed the great lamasery and there is only place to take care of about one-seventh of the boys, and a tax of fifty per cent of all that is raised goes to the mandarin of the city, there seems to be more babies than are needed, or at least more than are wanted; babies to be had for the asking and many for the buying. There are quite a number of the half-breed children who have only the mothers to care for them. The garrison of Chinese soldiers is constantly changing, and these men form ties that may be easily broken in that land, and they leave their homes, which are again soon occupied by

soldiers from another company, and so on. It is a part of the Chinese plan to populate the country with Chinese. As so many of the Tibetan men were killed off in the war, this plan seems feasible.

But listen, one day two men went to "spy out this land;" right into the edge of this heathendom they went. The men and women ran in fear and barred their doors; the children scurried into the gullies and grass like little wild rabbits. It was n't an easy way these men found, and the land was n't flowing with honey, though there was plenty of milk; but their hearts were wanting these Tibetans to know of Him. Soon the Foreign Christian Mission Board said, "Go!" and they went.

Within five months the "man" had opened his school and a few of the rabbits were being tamed, only they did n't know it. They had to be caught first, and many were the traps used, though love and kindness and food and clothing were the only bait. The gardener's little girl came, for he had kept the vegetables growing for awhile, and had learned not to be afraid. She was a little, sober-looking, big-eyed mischief, and could keep the rest in a constant state of giggles and yet look perfectly sober when the man looked at her. Then another little wild-looking thing from the mountains came; hair matted and filthy, and a piece of skin for a dress. And what does the "man" do? He takes her to the Chinese barber and cuts and shaves all the tangled mass of hair off her head, sends her for a bath to the hot spring, and provides suits of clean garments for her. My, how they yell when they first

get scrubbed! But the little Chinese girl Mrs. Ogden supports is clean, and her head is shaved, too, and she begins to feel real important and almost as clean as the foreigners.

But the school grows and the man has fifteen or twenty, and no books at all for the younger pupils. So their lessons must be written and prepared each day, and he has all sizes of pupils, from five years old to twenty-five. Every day for the little ones a sheet of paper is taken, and on it pasted a picture cut from the *Ladies' Home Journal,* or some picture from a magazine; then the Tibetan teacher writes below it, "dog," "cat," "horse," or "man" as it happens to be, and the little tots have their first lessons to read and remember, or learn to write; so it must be done every day. For the older ones there is the Bible and hymn-book and tracts in Tibetan, but it is very difficult to do graded work and work as school work is meant in America.

The man employs two Tibetan teachers: one who hears the lessons in Tibetan, one who is helping him make some school books; for he is translating many of the songs into Tibetan, is writing tracts, is making a set of readers for Tibetan boys and girls, a geography, a physiology, and whatever else he may have time and strength to do, as well as preaching and teaching, loving and caring for his big church of children. Yes, all are children in the knowledge of love and sacrifice and in the service of the Master.

Besides these two Tibetan teachers he also employs a Chinese scholar, for the Chinese pupils must learn

to read and write their own language and have a knowledge of their own classics, or they can never hope to be employed by the Chinese Government. Don't you think the man's heart and life and hands are full? Yet he finds time to eat and sleep and go around over that city and poke into all kinds of holes for the sick and suffering and dying, feed those who are starving, send the suffering to the dispensary or take the needed medicine to them, and bury the dead, saying a prayer over a cheap wooden coffin, a prayer for mercy because the dead had not been told of the Christ in time, and a prayer for those who are left that they may know of Him.

To these people who live in this land with no hope, only a hopeless endurance of fate written in their faces, this picture of heathenism is very true: "Paint a starless sky; hang your picture with night; drape the mountains with long, far-reaching vistas of darkness; hang the curtains deep along every shore and landscape; darken all the past; let the future be draped in deeper and yet deeper night; fill the awful gloom with hungry, sad-faced, and sorrow-driven women and children: It is the heathen world, the people seen in vision by the prophet, who sit in the region and shadow of death, to whom no light has come, sitting there still through the long, long night, waiting and watching for the morning." And into this blackness comes a little Christian day school. The light is coming; as yet it is very tiny, but the Lord keepeth watch above His own, and as He guides and guards and helps the man there can be no failure; and after awhile, when

enough are willing to serve the Master and do as He wills, there will not be only a small candle flame in one city on the border, but light everywhere in that land.

There can be no better work than a Christian day school; every day they study and sing of Him. When the children are educated Christians you have the future generations. It is difficult to pay the proper tribute to this man. Shall he not be called the man of the hour? To see his work is so much greater than to write of it; to know what he does, greater than to tell a little of what he accomplishes.

The *man* is Mr. Ogden of Batang.

Mr. Ogden holding a water prayer-wheel quiet so it may be photographed.

The present dispensary and the house where Dr. Loftis died.

CHAPTER XI.

Our Little Doctor.

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,—
Here by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 't is the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin can not harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.

"Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,—
Here by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

THERE is no more fitting way to begin this chapter than to place the song he loved at its beginning, a song we still sing in memory of him, and which always brings the tears. We feel so sure that he is safe there, and in a measure he died that we might learn it. We were so sure of the way Tibet was to be converted, and did n't expect any Christians in our day; and with his coming our plan was complete, but not the Master's. He was very kind to take the one who was ready, and leave us to learn to be humble; to say, "Master, we are ready to do Thy bidding;" to acknowledge our weakness and ask for strength; and the little doctor did all this. When we were humble enough to allow Him to work, He did so, and mightily. How patient God had been with our sureness and our plans! But we must be taught before He could use us. It seems we get often in the way and do much to hinder what might be done if we could just stay humble enough and "willing to be made willing" to be of use.

To pay a proper tribute to Dr. Loftis seems an impossibility. He was so much the superior of us all in a spiritual sense. We stood with humbled hearts and bowed heads when he came. It is not possible to tell you of our love for him, nor of all we hoped and expected from his coming.

It was during his short stay that Mr. Ogden and

Dr. Shelton went on the month's journey and had about six hundred patients, meeting many people, making friends among them, so that they need never be so afraid of a foreigner again. His being in the city made this possible. Dr. Shelton very seldom goes longer than a week, as some of the mission might get ill, and he would have to come home in a hurry.

The two men returned from this trip on August 3d. Smallpox and typhus fever were everywhere. Dr. Loftis was ailing that day. The next day Mr. and Mrs. Ogden and the baby were ordered to the top of the mountain and away from the city, as there was no vaccine for baby Ruth. Some things are better forgotten; past pain is not easily lived again, and I know of no better way to tell you about him, our beloved little doctor, than in the sketches written of him at the time of his death.

It was a cold morning in February. Dr. Loftis stood before the fire with an unopened telegram in his hand. It was from Batang, the city toward which his face was turned with a strange yearning. For weeks he had been waiting for favorable conditions to start on the long, hazardous journey. Now it had been decided that he could go. His packing had been done with the eagerness of a schoolboy, and he was to be off on the morrow. But still he held the telegram unopened. When I asked why, he said, "I 'm just trying to decide first whether or not I 'll have the grace to obey if this tells me to wait a while longer to start." We understood; we had heard all the enthusiastic plan-

C. 24.

ning for the new work, and had marveled often that one could be so eager and yet so patient. Dr. Loftis was a rare combination. He spent two months with us in Nanking, and every one in the station learned to love him as a brother. There was about him that indescribable something that attracted and held men in an unusual degree. So capable and strong, so humble and eager to learn, so thoroughly unselfish, so consecrated to the one purpose, and withal with a keen sense of humor that found the best and brightest side of everything. Soon we were bringing him our troubles and difficulties, and he seemed always to see a way out. How we rejoiced with Batang! He would be to them all they had waited and hoped and prayed for through weary months.

The telegram did not contain the dreaded message, and the next morning he was off. For two months we followed him in our imagination over the rough roads, through rapids and gorges, and over mountain passes until one bright morning in June the children said, "Doctor will reach Batang to-day." Every day's journey had been traced on the map, with the children as interested audience. A few weeks slipped away. There was just time to get the happy letters from the Sheltons and Ogdens, rejoicing that the right man had found his way to them, and Dr. Loftis' enthusiastic praise of "my own people;" then came that dreadful message, "Dr. Loftis is dead!" If those words sent a pall over the hearts of our people here, can you imagine what it meant to Batang? For days we could n't talk about it. It seemed too cruel.

OUR LITTLE DOCTOR

Our little mission family has had its disappointments and sorrows; times without number there have been when only the eye of faith could pierce the gloom, but this blow, from our human insight, was a mystery unfathomable. We could only be silent before Him.

Nankin. MRS. FRANK GARRETT.

Through the city of Tachienlu runs one of the main roads from China to Lassa, the capital. Here our missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. Shelton and Mr. and Mrs. Ogden, with their children, have become firmly entrenched, having by their devoted lives won the hearts of the entire community. Through years of hardship, loneliness, weariness, sickness, and death they have toiled on, and at length were cheered with the news that a colleague was on his way to join them.

This was Dr. Z. S. Loftis, who reached them after four months of constant travel. But, like the patriarch of old, he was only permitted to see the promised land from afar. Within two months after his arrival "he was not, for God took him." Only two short months, and yet, what we know of his character, his loss must have been appalling to his colleagues. With them our deepest sympathies.

Dr. Loftis carried with him to Tibet the highest credentials of his profession. He had also qualified as a manufacturing chemist, and he looked forward confidently to the discovery of crude drugs, minerals, and chemicals from which to manufacture medicines for use in his medical practice. To know him was to

Library of
Pacific Bible Seminary
4835 East Anaheim Street
Long Beach, California

love him, as was seen by the fact that every missionary who met him—we among the number—coveted him as a colleague. He expressed one regret only upon arriving in China. When he saw the great need of workers he said, "I wish I could reduplicate myself one hundred times, so that I could work at each of the stations."

The Foreign Board made no mistake in their selection of Dr. Loftis for Tibet. He was the man we had all been looking for. He has come—and gone. Only a few short months a sojourner in the East, and yet he will be remembered, and his life will be an inspiration as long as there is mission work to be done. His labor has not been in vain. And in obedience to the urgent call that is sounding from the Hermit Kingdom we believe that others will arise with his spirit and take up the work, the contemplation of which had filled him with the keenest joy.

Shanghai. JAMES WARE.

Dr. Loftis arrived here on June 17th, and about July 5th Mr. Ogden and I left for an itinerating trip we had been contemplating for some time, and were gone twenty-nine days, getting back here August 2d. For two days before we got back Dr. Loftis had been working hard unpacking his things; so when the next day he did n't feel well he thought nothing of it, but that he had overworked in unpacking, and said he would go a little slower. The next day, however, he had fever and began having the symptoms of small-

pox, of which there is a great deal here. Still it was in doubt, as he had been successfully vaccinated when a child, and several times since, but it had failed to take.

Then the eruption came out; but instead of the symptoms abating, they kept right on, and there appeared in addition to the smallpox the eruption of typhus fever. I was with him night and day and did all in my power, but when the secondary fever of the smallpox—the tubercular stage—came on, it was more than mortal could bear and he died, unconscious, at 4 P. M., August 12th, not having been here two months.

It seemed more than we could bear, for if ever a man appeared to have been chosen, fitted, and prepared by the Lord for a special work it was Dr. Loftis. What are we to do? We had waited and prayed so long for him. Then, when he came, he was so obviously specially prepared and fitted for this work; and now he is gone. You had not yet received his letters from here telling you of his arrival when you received our cablegram.

We were all so happy. It had been the end of what seemed to us to be the best year by far for the Master's work since we came, nearly six years ago. You don't know what it means to us here. Is it possible you can send us another man—another doctor—at once? We fear it is not possible. God knows what is for the best—we know that; but to human minds this appears truly a calamity. He lived in our home, or rather boarded with us, and we loved him

as a brother. The baby was always looking for him and wanting to show "Doc Lof," as she called him, every little scratch she had.

Batang. DR. A. L. SHELTON.

Everything for the last year and a half had been planned and centered about Dr. Loftis' coming to us. Every step of that awful Yangtse River, the long journey to Tachienlu, when we felt he was getting very close, and lastly the seventeen days over the mountains to Batang, and we grasped our little doctor's hand and knew he was safely with us. We were saving our green beans and peas and new potatoes for his coming (we did n't have any last year) ; even baby, when she asked for something and I said, "Wait a little," would say: "Is Doc Lof comes? Is Doc Lof comes?"

Soon after his arrival Mr. Ogden and Dr. Shelton took a month's journey through the Tibetan villages doctoring some six hundred people, while he took charge of the dispensary and cared for the women and children in the station. He fitted into his work and into our home life beautifully, declaring he would not exchange life work with any man living, and declaring in his quiet way "he had found his folks at last;" and we were glad, so glad, to find him. He saved a Tibetan who had taken opium, and the fellow's mother's gratitude was unbounded. He spoke of how glad he was to be so useful at once, and it is only a medical man who can be of immediate use.

Whether to him came a premonition of his death, I know not. He spoke of being ill sometimes, and I

asked him if he felt badly; he answered, "No; it's coming; it's coming." His little caravan came in on Friday, July 30th, and he was very busy unpacking and putting things away on that evening and on Saturday.

On Sunday afternoon he brought his graphophone down to the house for Mrs. Ogden and myself and the babies to hear, and we enjoyed it.

On Monday the men returned from their itinerating trip, and we were all preparing to get settled and acquainted. He had two rooms—a study and bedroom—and he planned to build a bathroom and take the room we had for a chapel and fix it for a sick ward, so they could better care for the patients that came.

Great hopes and dreams he had of the possibility of going home through Lassa by the time his furlough was due, and we believed it possible, especially for a medical man and a single man.

On Tuesday evening he said he could not sleep and got out his World's Fair pictures and looked at them and listened to his graphophone play the songs sung by Trinity Choir, and imagined himself back in old St. Louis.

He had some new books, and we were wild to read them. He had brought me "The Lady of the Decoration" and told me a bit of her history; also "What to Live For," marked heavily with his own thoughts.

The new thrill of life he brought with him, the new knowledge, the strength to our little mission, you can never know. Everything was becoming too easy

for the Tibetan border. Two new people had just written and said they had volunteered for Tibetan work—Mr. and Mrs. McLeod, to cross our journey home either at Shanghai or San Francisco. It was beautiful; but, Oh, the blow!

On Wednesday Dr. Loftis came to breakfast and asked for a little milk toast; said he was feeling badly, went home and to bed. Dr. Shelton said he was in for smallpox or some kind of fever. So on Thursday I went and made his room neat. He was unpacking and too ill to finish putting things away. He showed me a little fancy article his mother had made; showed me the picture of his chum who came to China as he did; told me a towel I was handling was given him by a revenue officer's wife in the mountains, but was too ill to talk much, and besides we had lots of time to see his new things and hear of his friends and America.

I came home that evening, and Dr. Loftis took to his bed. Dr. Shelton went to him and stayed with him until the end. In a day he announced "smallpox" —that was enough. Another day, and the unmistakable typhus rash covered his body. Oh, how we hoped and prayed for our little doctor!

Did you at home forget him and us? We were very far away from you all. I sent the doctor his meals and did the washing and all I could, but it seemed so very, very little compared with what we and the mission had at stake.

Then the afternoon came when I heard Dr. Shelton sobbing in the yard, and he called me, telling that Dr.

Loftis had gone. I could not go to him, and he dare not come to us. I could only hug my two little girls and cry.

We sent for Mr. Ogden, as he and his wife and baby had been sent from the city to keep the little one from taking the smallpox, as we had no vaccine.

He came walking down the mountain in the dark and rain, and stayed with Dr. Shelton that night, and with our little doctor for the last time.

It did not seem true at all—we had looked so long for him, and felt like this was a dreadful dream, and that he would still come to us. He was with us such a little while.

To say that we were broken-hearted and that our work had seemingly come to a halt is saying very little. May his death more than fulfill what he hoped to do had he lived, and the Tibetan work be placed on so firm a foundation that all shall see

> "God 's in His heaven,
> All 's right with the world."

We did n't believe a man could be found to take his place, it had been so hard to find even *one* willing to come. Yet in God's own time, when the word got to Nashville and to the church that supported Dr. Loftis, a young man got up and went to the telegraph office and sent this message to President McLean, "I 'll go and take his place." Dr. Hardy was the man and is there now, doing the work Dr. Loftis went to do.

"I may not know why death should come
To take the dear ones from my home;
But though mine eyes with tears be dim,
The Lord knows why—I 'll trust in Him.

"So, though I may not understand
The leadings of my Father's hand,
I know to all He has the key—
He understands each mystery.

"And the dark clouds may hide the sun,
The Lord knows why—His will be done."

Upon the coming of this man of God and his going from us, upon the prayers of the people at home who again remembered us in our trouble, and upon our own weakness and humbleness so that we might be used, is founded the Batang Tibetan Mission.

Words seem very weak to tell of this crisis in our lives and in the work. His own book perhaps would help you to know the princely soul of the man better than this, and though feeling that I have said but little, and that to this man we all owe so very much, yet there is a feeling of utter inability to write of him as I would and the prayer that through all the life of the mission and to all who know and read of him may the life and personality and death of our little doctor be a benediction.

CHAPTER XII.

Tibetan Women and Their Home Life.

"The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes;
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to that toad."

A CHINAMAN said one time, "Yes, the Tibetan women are just like the missionaries' wives; they rule their husbands and manage the home," which was much to the disgust of that celestial, as their women folks are supposed to have no say-so whatever, but be perfectly obedient and submissive to the master of the house in everything. The average Tibetan woman in her home has about the same right as the average American wife. If she has servants, she orders and controls them, carries the key to the grainroom, gives out the food, butter, and cheese, sometimes helps with the cooking, looks after the cattle and pigs, sends the servants to get wood or hay, and whatever else the household requires in its running, she looks after it. In the poorer houses there are no servants, and there is only one small mud-room with dirt floor, a few wooden bowls, an earthenware teapot for the butter tea, and if too poor to buy butter, bones are mashed and crushed and the marrow put in the tea in its place. Tsamba

or barley flour is the best; so they very seldom have that, but dough-balls of buckwheat flour cooked in water, or pancakes of buckwheat flour cooked on a hot rock, with little or no meat. Beds are on the floor or ground, with their ragged clothes as coverings. Fire of sticks in a small clay stove, and no chimney, the smoke going where it will. There *is* a hole, usually, in the roof, where the smoke is supposed to go out, but it does n't generally please to.

These people work in the fields of the better class and serve for their food and five cents a day. Body and soul stick together, but it does n't seem possible. Then there are always some babies to feed at that price. They often carry the small ones to the fields and lay them down in a corner while they work, or let an older child carry them.

Polyandry has been the custom in this country, and is practiced yet in some places, but not so much in the city and vicinity of Batang. Once in a while a big fellow thinks his wife needs a good beating, and proceeds to give it to her with a rawhide strap. They sell husbands or wives whenever the notion so takes them. One man sold his wife to a Chinese official for forty rupees. One Tibetan woman bought another's husband for five rupees and still owed one and a half rupees some two years after!

The houses on the mountains are of the woven yak-hair and are the famed black tents of the Nomad tribes of Tibet. They are not very high, and have their campfires in the center; pieces of raw yak or sheep-meat hanging up on the inside, a few utensils,

a brass pot for tea, and a few bowls. Sour milk, cheese, meat, a bit of tsamba perhaps, and tea, which is legal tender most anywhere on the border, furnish the diet. A few ounces of tea will give a traveler a welcome for the night, and he will be treated in a most hospitable manner and given the best the tent affords. It is n't clean, and the churn that made the butter is one-fourth of an inch deep around the sides with sour milk, and is never washed; but it 's the best they have, and is given freely.

The clothing is only of skins, the beds more skins thrown in a corner, while the garment they wear is the only covering. In the summer time these tents are nearer the tops of the mountains, while as winter comes they come lower into the valleys. It seems very desolate and lonely, does n't it? They are not able to read and have only the care of the flocks and herds, marriage, birth, and death.

Nothing else besides to break the monotony of their lives, but occasionally a caravan of tea or cloth will stop near them for the night for protection and to let their animals graze, and these travelers can tell them tales of the world the other side of *their* mountains.

Never do the flocks and herds of one valley encroach upon the other men's grazing territory; for if they do, there is apt to be a killing. The unwritten law among the tribes is strictly obeyed, the mountains forming as perfect a boundary as barbed wire or a "stake and rider" fence.

In a house of the better class there are three stories,

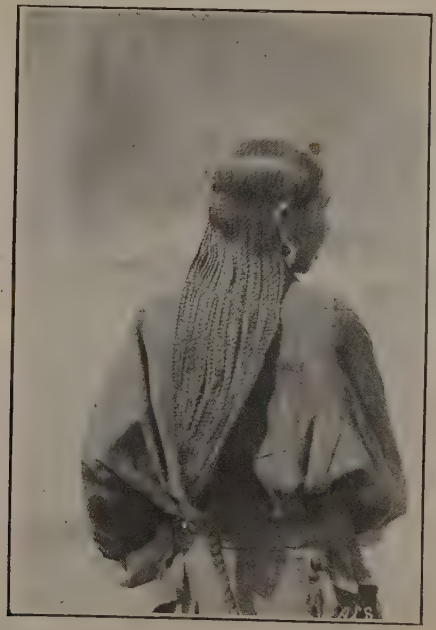
as a rule. The lower is used as the barn for their cows, yak, horses, mules, donkeys, and pigs; all are housed for the night in this part of the building. One room perhaps has the hay and straw, another the threshed grain, and all carefully locked and the mistress carrying the heavy keys. Upstairs is the big kitchen with its great clay stove, three or four big brass pots and Chinese pans upon holes built for them, a big bronze kang or barrel for water, which has never been washed or emptied since it was made; two or three churns for making butter and tea, brass dippers of different sizes, shelves for brass teapots and some of earthenware, several silver-lined bowls, and also some plain wooden ones for the use of the servants. On the floor of this big room is where the servants sleep, stretched out on the floor indiscriminately and using their clothing for their covering and with their feet toward a big clay stove.

Another is the mistress' room. It is fitted up for a reception-room, with the low tables and benches, leather stools, small charcoal fire over which the butter tea is kept hot all the time for the guest who happens to arrive. In this room the family eat, the master and mistress and the children and the guests, who are waited upon by the servants.

Opening from this is an alcove used as a sleeping-room, the boards of the floor raised a few inches higher than the main part, much as a small rostrum, only not so wide.

All Tibetan families of the better class have servants, many of them own slaves. There is a custom

A Tibetan tower.



Batang style of hair-dressing. Plenty of butter is used, and then blue cotton thread braided on where the hair ends.

whereby for a debt, or if they so desire, a man or woman wishing to become a slave in a wealthy family comes with four witnesses and vows to serve for a term of years or for life, and so becomes the property of the house.

There seems to be work all the time for all but the mistress, who oversees it all in the home, as the master is usually away on a trading trip of some kind. The Tibetan lady has a quiet way with the slaves, and they seem to yield her implicit obedience. Quarreling or sullenness occur very seldom, although the food of those serving is not of the best, but nearly always of the cheap kind, buckwheat instead of tsamba being used for the servants.

There is one other room in the home: the sacred or idol-room. In this are two or three idols of bronze or plated gold, which are worshiped every day, and before whom is placed the butter lamp and bowl of holy water daily. In this place are the sacred books owned by the family and the ones the lamas read from when they come, unless they bring some of their own, which are supposed to be more efficacious for the occasion. Here are the drums of skulls, or imitations of them, rosaries of skull bones or coral or glass, bells, holy-water vases, and all their valuable garments of fur or cloth, which have come down from father to son and mother to daughter, gold and coral ornaments and gowns for festive occasions.

The mistress of one house was an aristocrat and belonged to the ruling class before the Chinese beheaded or deported them all. She is a widow of per-

haps fifty years. Into the home one daughter-in-law had been brought to be the wife of the two sons. One of them tired of this and left the home to marry another woman and make his own hearthstone, which greatly displeased the mother, as one object of polyandry is to keep the home as one, and all the sons who are there making money for the one rooftree.

She bitterly blamed the daughter-in-law, who in a measure showed authority in the home, and once in a great while the mistress showed her displeasure by leaving her usual place of sleeping and going up to the flat roof, where she had a small room, and staying in it, drinking much wine and with one old slave to wait upon her. Then the daughter-in-law had the management of the affairs in her own hands.

One son was a lama and stopped on his way to Lassa to visit his mother. He was her favorite son, and as he left, the old lady, with tears rolling down her cheeks, gave him sacks of barley, butter, cheese, and wine to take on his long journey. But a kind of tragedy seemed to hang over the home, for the servant woman who was cook died of syphilis and her two children of smallpox. The daughter-in-law had dysentery for months, but the old lady did not want the foreigner's medicine, and her husband was gone. Lamas came every day, read prayers, and beat drums for months. She grew weaker and weaker, opium being given when the pain was too severe. Finally the husband was called home. He called for medicine the day before she died, and promised a horse or a yak, anything, if his wife could only be saved; but it was

too late. She died and left a tiny baby three or four months old.

A little time afterwards the baby was starving; it was not strong enough to thrive on the tsamba and butter, and the poor little thing cried all the time. One day at church the old lady came to me and pointed to the baby with tears in her eyes; said it was going to die, and though she never loved the mother, she did love the baby girl; she sobbed and cried and left us. Hurrying home, some rubber nipples that had been left over from the little foreign babies' bottle dinner were found and fixed on a bottle full of clean, warm milk, and back to the baby it was sent. The little thing took it at once and soon began to grow. The father bought a new yak, so she could have plenty of milk. The nipple did n't last long. They *said* they washed it, but they did not, and the cat ate it one time. It had a coating of sour milk always on it and in the bottle; but the baby still thrives. Other babies came for the "rubber dinners," and our supply was soon exhausted. It was a wonderful thing to feed a baby like that.

The old slave who had served this mistress for years for his food and a few clothes fell and broke his ankle. He asked for the foreign doctor, but the medicine made his ankle sting, and he said he did n't want him any more; so he stayed away. In nine or ten days the old fellow wanted him to come again. He and Johnny went. The old man lay with the broken limb on an old dirty mat of wool, and corruption everywhere, as the limb had not been moved or

washed since the first time. The stench was something horrible as the doctor bent over to wash the foot. The Tibetan teacher who was with him said *he* could n't stand it, that it made him sick, and he got away; but every day Johnny and the doctor washed and bandaged and cleaned it. Johnny had to wash and boil the bandages, and pick off the dead lice, so that they might be used again, and Mr. and Mrs. Ogden sent the old fellow white rice and milk. The mistress said: "Are you wasting rice on that old man? He is of no use any more; let him die." And he did die.

These Tibetans have the mixture of good and bad that is in every human being. It is easy to say, and it removes so much responsibility to say: "Let them alone. They are better off. They are used to dirt and filth, and it does n't matter."

"The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to the toad."

CHAPTER XIII.

Tibetan Characteristics.

"The heart of man is the only deceitful heart in nature."
(A Tibetan saying.)

BECAUSE of lack of sanitary conditions and the proper care and nourishment it is impossible for a baby who is not of the strongest to survive. The death-rate must be very high, for sometimes if the mother dies the poor little thing is fed tsamba and butter at once, and milk that is extremely filthy. So the little chap soon dies and is thrown into the river, and there is more for those who are left. Thus only the heartiest grow to manhood and womanhood.

First of all the Tibetan impresses the beholder with the fact that he is a splendid animal: tall, strong, stout, and lithe; able to endure any amount of climbing and walking, with no apparent fatigue. The altitude seems to have little effect upon these big, husky fellows with swelling muscles and stout limbs, and even in the coldest weather they go with the right arm bare, able to endure more than the yak, perhaps because their food is grain and butter, with raw meat, while the yak have no food except the grass they can graze.

They seem a merry, happy-go-lucky, good-natured

people; but over all and in all they do hang the tragedy of superstition and the demons that always surround them. Perhaps a bit of this and the centuries of darkness through which they have come are expressed in their music. There is a note of pathos in it, as in the Negro melodies at home, and it is said that in music unconsciously is expressed the undertone of gladness or sadness as it exists in the human heart. Their songs are quite imaginative, many of them telling of their mountains and of happiness that might be possible. They are in many ways like children who are grown, with passions that are not controlled, and with no moral sense whatever.

A man came to Mr. Ogden to be one of his teachers. He asked him if there was anything he was hiding from him, or had he come to him for protection in any way, and the man said, "No;" he had killed a man, but he had settled for that, and had paid his relatives a number of rupees, and that was why he was so poor, but that was all finished. It is a custom among them, in case of a murder, to accept so much money from the murderer and call it "square."

A strange mixture of brutality and kindness are these people, with hearts "even as yours and mine." People that turn their old mothers and fathers out to die or beg, and lay them outside on the ground until they do die when they become too weak to beg or care for themselves. People that pass and repass a child dying in the street. People that put such loads on their donkeys that great pieces of skin are worn off their backs. People that would rather starve a dog to

death than kill one, yet will give a corner to a beggar to stay in. Will feed the lamas with their tsamba and tea, love their children the same as we do, share their last bite with a friend, generous to a fault, and whose hearts respond to sympathy very quickly.

A woman in a village where Dr. Shelton went once a week to take medicine to those who were ill there, had a little child a year and a half or two years old, and he nearly always took the little fellow a piece of bread or something to eat. On one trip he asked for the baby, and the old grandma with tears rolling down her cheeks said he was dead. When the mother came in he laid his hand on her shoulder in sympathy to try to comfort her and tell her the baby was safe in the other world with Jesus, and the tears poured like rain. The daily struggle for a bite to eat must go on; there was no hope in her heart, and none to give her sympathy or speak a word of consolation. Among them are people with hearts big and generous, who would rather die than oppress the tenants who owe the lamasery.

The treasurer of one of the big lamaseries in Tachienlu had charge of a certain district, and from these tenants he must collect so much grain and butter or rupees for payment on the land. Crops had failed, and he had loaned and loaned. There were only a few pecks of barley for one year; crops failed, and they were hungry, and could not pay, and he had loaned the seed again. The king was asking for money and urging that he collect the rent and pay at once. He needed the money for his own use, and

the grain to feed his great number of servants. The old fellow's heart ached for his poor people, but he dare not refuse to obey the king's request. One evening after he came home from seeing his tenants and knowing the utter impossibility of forcing them to pay their two or three years' rent with nothing or reporting such a condition to the king, the old man drank a lot of wine and thrust his sword through his heart, and the others dare not tell the king how or why he died, only reporting his death.

Most Tibetans carry swords, and their fights are quite often very fierce; but if they have n't a sword handy, a stone will do, and it makes a pretty severe weapon.

Two men were quarreling because a donkey belonging to one of them had gotten into the other man's field and did some damage to his grain. They used stones, or rather one of them did, and the one owning the field pounded the other fellow up pretty well. However, the official found it out, and the one who did the pounding had a square board placed on his neck and was sent to sit in the grain field where the fight occurred and was bidden to pay the doctor's bill of eight rupees.

Another Tibetan called for Dr. Shelton to come and fix him up, but the official did n't find out about his case and that he had been fighting. He said he fell downstairs; but for a fall like that it was pretty severe, for it cut his face, slit his nostril and lip, and cut a gash above the eye. The fact about the matter was that he had been drunk and fighting, and

had been hit with a stone a few times. He told the truth when he found out the official would not be informed.

Revenge is a strong element in the makeup of a Tibetan character and enters even into the biting in two of a louse—with the sentiment, "You bite me, and I 'll bite you." Forgiveness is an element that does not enter into their code of morals at all. If it is impossible to take out their revenge by physical force, they can pray to their idols and have them kill the man.

An old man with hair in matted gray tangles, a prayer-wheel in one hand, a rosary in the other, and walking each day around and around a mani pile of carved stone covered with prayers, and muttering the prayer with his lips, walked every day near the lamasery at Batang saying hundreds of prayers every minute to lay up good deeds for himself.

But it is a religion of fear, and not love. A fear of punishment in the hereafter. Thus they strive for merit and the hope that they may become absolute nothingness as quickly as possible in the hereafter, so that in the different lives they must live before this annihilation comes they may escape as much punishment as possible.

One day a living Buddha came into the study. He happened to pick up a large volume of Dante's "Inferno," illustrated by Doré, and he remarked, "Why, this is just like our books. This is our hell, too. See, here are some in boiling water, some head downward in pits, some the snakes are biting, and some frozen into the ice. This must be our book; you have

just translated it." But we felt a bit ashamed that our house should harbor Tibetan hells, and wondered where in the world Dante had dreamed his ghastly dreams that have been so truly pictured by the great artist!

A superstitious faith in the power of the lamas to bring them good or ill is a strong element in the Tibetan makeup. Any piece of old garment worn by a man considered holy, and the laying of his hands on their heads, his prayers, and his sprinkling with holy water they firmly believe will bring good luck and ward off all evil. If things go wrong, the man is bad and the evil spirits are managing his affairs; but if he is good, as their standards go, he is lucky and the good spirits are the ruling power.

But withal the Tibetan is a good, healthy animal, with a generous heart, and will love devotedly, when he does love, and serve most faithfully, trusting implicitly; but if he dislikes you he will get just as far away as possible, and stay there. But these people respond to love and know instinctively real love or love assumed, and when they decide not to fear the lamas and become Christians, they will serve with devoted hearts and with one purpose, to help "others" and, if need be, suffer martyrdom of the fiercest for their belief in the Christ.

CHAPTER XIV.

Results.

"I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men,
* * * *
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

THE following is the card that came on July 20th, as this manuscript was being written:

"BATANG, SUNDAY, MAY 21, 1911.

"DEAR DR. SHELTON: It is surprising how our attendance at church holds out. To-day at our regular service the house was jammed full of Chinese, Tibetan women, and children. There was hardly room to breathe, but the talk was listened to with deathly silence. Certainly we are getting a chance to sow some seed, and may it spring up and grow!

"Yours as ever,

"JAS. C. OGDEN."

Is n't it wonderful what our little doctor's coming did for Tibet? The Lord's plan was so entirely different from ours. How much we had to learn before we could be used! After our little doctor's going we felt so perfectly powerless and utterly unable to take

Library of
Pacific Bible Seminary
4835 East Anaheim Street
Long Beach, California

up the load and go on again, that we were of no use, and had better give it all up. But when we were all on our knees in humbleness, and ready to say, "We are nothing; but use us, O Father, if it be possible in the face of all this"—then He began to use us. Mr. Ogden's great revival began, and more than two hundred came in that raw land, in that young station, confessing their sins of robbery and murder and trying to quit opium and wine-drinking, asking that he go into their homes and tear down their idols, which he so gladly did, leaving in their places the Lord's Prayer. Many of the Chinese confessed their immorality and the great sin of leaving an old mother or father uncared for in their homes, while they ran away or joined the army. Many sins which, if their official had known of them, a few heads less might have been the consequence.

About seventeen have been baptized at the beginning of this year (1912), and still the interest grows and the people come and listen, many of them in order and quietness, and the Lord's Word never returns void.

From one of Mr. Ogden's letters comes this word: "To-day our chapel was crowded beyond capacity. Baptized one young man, a Chinese scholar, and he promises to be a very earnest and useful Christian man. One school teacher, who at first asked that he be not required to read Scripture at services, because he did n't believe in Christianity, has now professed his faith in Christ, but has not yet been baptized."

There is persecution in it, too. One of the boys

baptized at Tachienlu was asked to go and remain in the mission school at Batang. His father refused. A year or so later he was sent to the government school there, and never permitted to go to the church or Sunday school, or even to visit in the homes of the missionaries. He was a fine lad, and his cross was n't easy. Lately he was severely beaten, and his father took him home, for no other reason—as far as can be discovered—than that he was a Christian.

Among those who came to Mr. Ogden during the revival was Jan Tsen, his Tibetan teacher. He was a hard wine-drinker. After his morning duties were over he would always have his bowl or two of wine, and it was making him a physical wreck and very nervous, as the wine is made from fermented barley and is a kind of white whisky, with from fifty to sixty per cent of alcohol in it. During the revival he came bringing his wine-cup, and said he wanted to be better and would not drink any more. The story of this man is a very interesting one and the end of it not yet in sight. Jan Tsen was a man from the district called Derge, in which such fine hammered copper-work is done and where swords are made, all by hand and with the crudest tools.

Mr. Ogden employed him in August, 1907, and he stayed with him in Tachienlu some two years, and then with his wife and little girl came to Batang, remaining with him until May, 1910. His wife, little girl, and his baby boy, about one year old, born since coming to Batang, had been coming to church, and the little girl was learning to read. He knew a lot about the

Bible and could explain almost any part, having gone over it and over it in Tibetan as he taught Mr. Ogden. The hope was, if the mother and father never became Christians, the two little children would come to the school and eventually be led to Christ. One day he came and said he had to return to Tachienlu. As he was Mr. Ogden's personal teacher and his school teacher and translator, it was like losing his right arm to give him up. He was very trustworthy and could be depended upon for everything, and with it all was his knowledge of Jesus and the hope that we all had that some day he *might* be a Christian.

This is how Jan Tsen came to go to Tachienlu. Some time back the big abbot of the yellow-cap monastery in Tachienlu had died, and search had to be made for his reincarnation. So the lamas cast lots to see in which town would be found the reincarnated abbot, and the lot fell upon Batang. A very holy lama was journeying from Tachienlu to Lassa, the sacred Tibetan capital, by prostrating himself all the way. He would only travel a little bit every day, his hands shod with wood as he measured his length, marking it with his outstretched arms; then rising, stepping to the mark, and prostrating himself again; and so on and on through the cold, over the mountains and roads —endless roads.

This lama brought a letter, and he was to choose the baby—and he chose Jan Tsen's baby; the little lad being then just a little over a year old. "Old Giggy" ("Giggy" being teacher in Tibetan) said at first he would not go to Tachienlu with the baby. He

had been fighting the affair for some three or four months, but finally he and his wife went to see the big lama at his place, and he said if they did n't go in that month the baby would die the next month. So that settled it, and they left on May 15th for Tachienlu. It is a great honor to have the baby chosen as the great abbot, and gives the parents unlimited money and power. But after the baby is weaned it belongs to the lamasery, and the mother is not allowed to kiss or carry it again, as she is unclean to her own baby boy who is to be a great priest. He at once dons the red-and-yellow garments of his holy order, and wears them forever. The Tibetan teacher said he would return after the baby was weaned, and he did. He is now Mr. Ogden's right-hand man in the mission.

Perhaps one of the greatest problems we have to face is the problem of our own little ones. Bless the babies!—our babies who came to us in this foreign land. What a comfort they are, and what sunshine they bring with them! They are not consciously missing the beautiful easy things at home, nor the clean, wide streets and beautiful music. They are always busy, always happy, and can get into just as much mischief here as there. Perhaps "papa" and "mamma" will be said in the native tongue first, but it sounds just as sweet as it does in America.

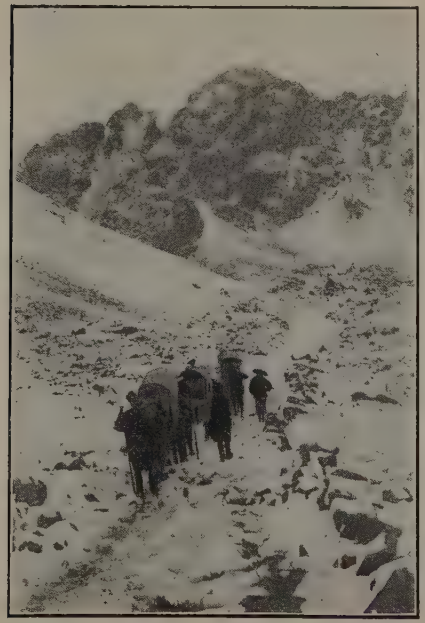
They are greater missionaries than any of us, for they speak the language as the people do, and there is no chance to misunderstand them. When going into Batang the people were afraid of us, but when we stopped for the night and they saw the children play-

ing they would come near them, and soon lost all fear of us, too.

To educate our children properly is perhaps the hardest problem, and that has not yet been solved. To leave them in America and let them forget father and mother, or to remember that they were too busy with missionary work to care for them, seemed impossible. For the mother to stay in America with them and let Dr. Shelton go back for his heaviest year's work and be without a home and them, seemed also impossible; so we believe that taking them with us is best: taking the course of study, the books necessary, and teaching them ourselves. Travel in itself is an education. So we leave the result with Him who guards and guides us, knowing that only the problem of one day at a time is given us to solve, and trusting Him for strength to do whatever He wills.

Now everywhere are the open doors of opportunity. Men come asking for medicine, for Dr. Shelton to go to their homes and help their sick and suffering. They are not yet asking for the gospel, as that is the big step yet in the land; but they will soon know that with the medicine goes something that is strange and new, that is love and sympathy and help and the name of Jesus; and when a Tibetan becomes a Christian he will be no weakling, and soon the world can say:

"There is but one homeland, that is where God is;
There is but one foreign land, and that is of sin."



Over a snow pass on the journey home from Batang.

Jan Tsen's son, a Tibetan child, who was taken back to the lamasery at Ta-chienlu, as the great abbot there had died and his soul had appeared again in this baby.

CHAPTER XV.

Good-Bye to Batang.

"The inner side of every cloud
Is always bright and shining;
I therefore turn my clouds about
And always wear them inside out
To show the silver lining."

THE first seven years of service were ended, and it was time to go home for a while. Good-byes are hard things to say, always. Perhaps there is no better way to close this book than by the following little article written shortly after the arrival in America:

Tell you how I got home from Batang? Well, I can, but I don't want to; I'm home now, resting and playing and just looking at these beautiful, clean American things, at the pretty churches, and listening to the music that makes the tears come whenever I hear it. It seems to me it would be easy to be good in America.

We left Batang on October 8th. As I couldn't walk, I was carried downstairs and put into the sedan chair. (I had fallen down a mountain gully, with a horse on top of my leg, and it had been broken and badly crushed.) Dr. Shelton was draped around with a few silk strips; my chair was likewise decorated; fire-crackers were fired, and we were off. Many of

the natives went a piece outside the city with us; but the best sight was a long line of Dr. Shelton's opium patients standing in a row, giving him the Chinese good-bye; then his Tibetan teacher, with tears in his eyes, telling him to "go slowly."

It was hardest to leave Mrs. Ogden and the dear little babies. Finally we were off on the long journey to America. I could n't walk one step; so every night I was carried on a man's back into the inns, and every morning carried out and put in the carrying-chair for the day. Most days the traveling was pleasant, though we had one snowstorm, rain a day or so, the strong wind one day—so strong I thought I would be blown off the mountain road; but I was n't. We met caravan after caravan of loaded yak, and I was always sure one of their big horns would stick into my chair and rip it to pieces; but perhaps they were as afraid of me as I was of them.

I do n't know how to tell you of our going away. It was sad and joyful too. It was hard to leave Mr. and Mrs. Ogden and the children, but it was good to know that so many Tibetans were friends and were sorrowful to see us leave. The women ran along by the chair giving me milk to drink in a bowl with bits of butter on the edges, and we all cried. Perhaps they are dirty, and I would n't have cared so much a year or two before, but sometimes a greater love than you have known before grasps you, and you love more abundantly, and we love them even more than they love us, though I think they felt the love as little children feel it.

Many of the women took off their rings and gave them to me as a parting gift—precious to them, but of how much more value to me!—showing the love they felt. It was much in money from people so very poor as they. I don't know the way to tell you how we felt. It was not ourselves that inspired it, but He whom we serve, within us, that made us feel so close to them. It isn't easy to live in that land, no; but there are compensations, and you feel that you want to return, for the Master seems nearer over there than here. And may some who read this volunteer to go. You can travel where my babies have been. "No money," you say? Faith and prayer would bring more than we could use.

We have been happy since coming home, meeting our friends once more, but Oh, so grieved to hear of the death of Mr. Ogden's baby boy! Are you praying for them over there now? Their hearts are very sad, and we wish we might have been with them at such a time. We are safely home. We feel that we have been marvelously protected on all the long journey and sent home for a purpose.

What the purpose of the homecoming was, only the future can tell. Now, shall we say good-bye, you and I, dear friends? You know us all; those here and those in the "bright land." Let me name them again to you before we part. Little Bertha Ogden left us in Tachienlu for the "other side," while the rest of us were to wait a little longer. Mr. and Mrs. Ogden and baby Ruth, Dr. Hardy, Dr. Shelton, with little Dorris and Dorothy and me. Then our Dr. Loftis

and baby Jim, who lie buried on the road to Lassa—"God's last milestone to Tibet."

Protect us, O Master, in Thy service, and may we all say with our little doctor, when it is Thy will that we serve Thee no longer here, Lord Jesus, take us to be with the others whom Thou hast loved and called to Thee! Keep us humble, near to Thee, that Thou canst work through us! Give faith to those we leave, and to us, O Father, give strength and love to do Thy bidding even to the uttermost!

CHAPTER XVI.

The Situation One Year Later, the Close of 1912.

"Men, my brothers, men the workers, men reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.
I dipt into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the World, and all the wonder that would be.

"Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled,
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.
There the common sense of most shall hold a fitful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

In the early fall of 1911 Dr. Sun Yat Sen at last succeeded in bringing about the revolution he had spent so many years in instigating. The Chinese were successful in overthrowing the Manchu dynasty that had ruled absolutely for almost three hundred years. Within three months the rigid monarchy was overthrown and the dragon flag trampled underfoot and the new flag of five colors was hoisted over the infant Republic of China. The whole of China was in an uproar, seething from one end to the other with new

thoughts and new ideas. It spread like the waves of the sea, from the coast to the interior places. It was impossible for this state of affairs not to affect Tibet, the last province that China was acquiring and fitting under Chinese rule, watching for any opportunity to throw off the Chinese yoke and regain her old power and authority. Farther and farther west spread the disturbance and unrest. All food supplies and telegraphic communication was cut off from Batang. Mail and money ceased coming. For a time the missionaries there felt quite safe, indeed safer than anywhere else in the old empire, believing that they were so far inland that the trouble would not reach them. Rumors of all kinds reached them; the garrison of Chinese soldiers that had been stationed there had been ordered to Chentu to help in quelling the war in that vicinity. The China Inland Mission missionaries from Tachienlu fled westward to Batang; also the French bishop, priests, and nuns. It had been the plan of the Tibetans to capture a foreigner and hold him as ransom until their seals of authority were returned by the Chinese, who had taken and retained them. Upon the arrival of the two young men from Tachienlu they all thought the best thing was to leave and go southward, at least for a time, and then return again. Upon going to the Chinese official and asking for protection, he said he could not give it, as his soldiers were gone; and so he told them to go, and loaned them money with which to leave. Subsequent developments have proved beyond a doubt that they all pursued the wisest course possible. The United States minister

urged that all residents, especially in cases where there were women and children, in interior localities be removed to places of safety. They had ten days of warning in which to leave their homes, the little church, and all those who loved them. Mrs. Ogden, soon to become a mother, must make this journey into an unknown land, over an unknown road, and through and into untold dangers. Let me tell you of their going as Mr. Ogden wrote it for me: "The day before and the day we left Batang there was a continuous stream of Chinese and Tibetans bringing presents of flour, bread, eggs, meat, butter, and little gifts of silver rings and ornaments. There were sad faces everywhere, in the yard and in the house, and some one sobbing the whole time. Gayeng Ongder brought leather-covered boxes for our things and helped us greatly. We left the houses as they were, a Tibetan caretaker in each home, while the official sealed the doors. As we left there were many good-byes and cries, and tears beyond description. The women giving Mrs. Ogden their rings, and weeping as they gave. We were doing the best we knew. Had I been a single man, Hardy and I could have remained awhile, as did Mr. Cunningham and the China Inland Mission. In my own heart I knew I was leaving for the sake of my wife and child and unborn babe. Whippings, executions, and punishments of all kinds were occurring daily under our eyes in the city, from the time that the soldiers rebelled in Shangchen, the year before, but we always hoped for the best and did n't expect to have to leave. The men went horseback and on foot, as

they could. Mrs. Ogden rode a part of the way, then had a chair, and part of the road had to creep and crawl over rocks, as it was too rough for the men to carry the chair. Little Ruth was carried on a faithful Tibetan's back in a basket. Part of the forty-four days' journey was along a narrow cliff high up on the mountain side, where a slip or a fall, a misstep would have hurled them to death, one thousand feet below." Through the robber country they had to go; and upon reaching Talifu received message after message, by wire, letter, and runners, urging them to hurry on to the coast. Into places they went where there had been fighting and beheading. Often the officials were afraid to let them remain for the night. Once they kept a special train waiting in case of a riot. At another time they must wait until a battle was fought. Through it all they were marvelously protected on that long, perilous journey. Days and days of this travel did Mrs. Ogden endure, brave, patient, and sweet through it all. At last reaching Yunnanfu, they took the railway to Hongkong, and thence by steamer to Shanghai and home, to learn afterwards that three days after they left Talifu missionaries were killed there. After the long sea journey of twenty-three days from Shanghai, exhausted and worn, they reached Los Angeles, and fifteen days later little Walter Harold was born in the hospital at Los Angeles; all of them tended and cared for by the loving hands of the Living-link church there, which supports Mrs. Ogden on the field.

Just now the Dalai lama, who has been for some

New Missionaries to Tibet.

H. A. Baker.

Mrs. H. A. Baker.

Dr. and Mrs. W. M. Hardy.

Those Who Have Fallen Asleep.

Dr. Z. S. Loftis.

James Clarence Ogden.

Dr. Susie Rijnhart Moyes.

years a refugee in India, has returned to Lassa and started a rebellion against the Chinese Government in his dominion of Tibet. As nearly all the soldiers had been sent out of the towns to help in the revolution in China, the garrison left was small indeed and fell easy prey to the vengeance of the Tibetans, who massacred them all and established Tibetan authority once more. The treaty as it exists at present between China and Tibet is that the Chinese Amban and his escort remain in Lassa, all other soldiers being sent out, arms remaining under seal. Only Chinese traders being allowed to remain within the country of Tibet.

The Tibetans at Litang captured the city, killed the garrison stationed there, and gained complete control of the city once more. All territory west of Tachienlu, the city where our station was located for five years, was in a state of rebellion. The king was deposed, his yamen burned and looted. Now the Chinese are gaining a foothold again, sending in several thousand soldiers, have restored the king to his place again, so that he may aid them with cattle and grain, as they try again to take over Tibet. The last heard from Batang was that our little possessions were still safe and the members of the little native church still faithful. Dr. Hardy, who had been doing Red Cross work during the war, is now studying Chinese in Shanghai and is soon to wed Miss Nina Palmer. Mr. and Mrs. Baker, of Buffalo, who left in May, 1912, are studying Chinese in Nanking—all awaiting the time when we can be permitted to join them and, with Mr. and Mrs. Ogden, all go back to the little station at Batang.

This time will come if we are only patient and are willing to wait until the Lord is ready for us to go on, and the work there can go forward as He wills, and as we are ready to do what He requires. Let me close this little sketch by a talk of Dr. Shelton's:

"'Om mani padme hom, Om mani padme hom.' Day after day, month after month, year after year this is the prayer the Tibetan prays without ceasing. Not satisfied with saying it alone he uses a prayer-wheel, which he turns incessantly; not satisfied with these two methods, he also carries in his other hand a string of beads, which he counts continuously. So he gets three shots at it all at one time. It is pathetic in that it is the best expression of his heart's search for God. You see him on his road to Lassa prostrating himself day after day, measuring his own length, taking from three to five years to make his journey to the holy city. Tibet is the last hermit nation on earth. It is sometimes called the roof of the world, the football of the nations, the keystone in the arch of Asia, the home of the pope of Buddhism. Nobody wants it, yet nobody wants any one else to have it. There it lies, the last stronghold of Satan, where paganism is making its last stand against the onward march of the gospel.

"In all Tibet there is not one church, not one schoolhouse, not one hospital, not one missionary home. For fifty years the Moravians, the greatest missionary people in the world, on the Indian side have been waiting to get in. The first generation are dying, the second generation are getting old, and the third

generation are on the field; but they are still waiting. It seemed, however, that Dr. Susie Rijnhart was especially led of God when she returned to Tibet, in that we, with her, were led to the Chinese side, where the border is a much more flexible affair than are the cast-iron boundaries of British rule. We stopped first at Tachienlu; and then, by the political movements of the Chinese Government, we were allowed to go on five hundred miles farther, to Batang; and there, five hundred miles from a postoffice, seven hundred miles to the nearest doctor, we, your representatives, are working for the redemption of this the last heathen nation of earth, into the capital of which no Christian missionary has ever as yet been allowed to enter. The work will not be done until every man in all Tibet has had a chance to hear the gospel, and this will require six stations—one at Batang, one at Chamdo, one at Lassa, and three others in different parts of the country. We already have one at Batang, and just last summer, before they were forced to leave, Dr. Hardy and Mr. Ogden were permitted for the first time to cross over into Tibet and to cover a stretch of territory as large as the State of Kansas, and still five hundred miles further on established the first little Christian congregation on Tibetan soil since time began.

"By having these six stations, and by itinerating for a distance of nine days in every direction, every man in all Tibet will be within reach of the gospel. The cost thus far has not been light. Many nations and many people have contributed toward the price

which the church is paying for the redemption of the roof of the world. William Soutter, a Swede, laid down his life for Tibet, and he is buried at the foot of the great snow mountain, three days east of Batang. Dr. Rijnhart's baby lies sleeping in a cracker-box, buried in a glacier far up to the north. Her husband's bones also lie bleaching in one of the rivers far down toward Lassa. It seemed that God wished this family to pay a heavy price, for, with baby and husband gone, their payments were not yet all made, and Dr. Rijnhart herself made the last payment that it was possible for her to make, and her body lies buried beneath the snows of Canada. Then you know Ogden has had to contribute rather heavily, too. He has made two payments, and one of his babies is sleeping at Tachienlu and little Jim sleeps in Batang. Then a widowed mother down in Texas was called upon for a payment, too, and Dr. Loftis, who, when he saw Soutter's grave, three days before he reached Batang, that night wrote this prayer in his diary: 'O Lord, if it be Thy will that I too should fill a grave in this lonely land, may it be one that shall be a landmark and an inspiration to others, and may I go to it willingly if it is Thy will!' And in less than two months later he was filling that lonely grave, and he too is sleeping at Batang. The price has not all been paid yet. How many more payments shall be required we do not ask to know. When they have all been paid, then will Tibet have become one of the Kingdoms of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and long before we shall all

gather up yonder at the foot of the cross with Dr. Loftis, Dr. Rijnhart, and with all those whose lives have been part of the price, and with those whom they shall bring with them; long before this, I say, 'Om Mani Padme Hom' will have become 'Our Father who art in heaven.'"

NOTE.—Since the writing of this chapter conditions have calmed in Western China. During the summer of 1913 Dr. and Mrs. Shelton returned to China preparatory to making the long journey to Tibet in the fall. Dr. and Mrs. Hardy will accompany them, and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ogden and Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Baker plan to return to Tibet in the spring of 1914.

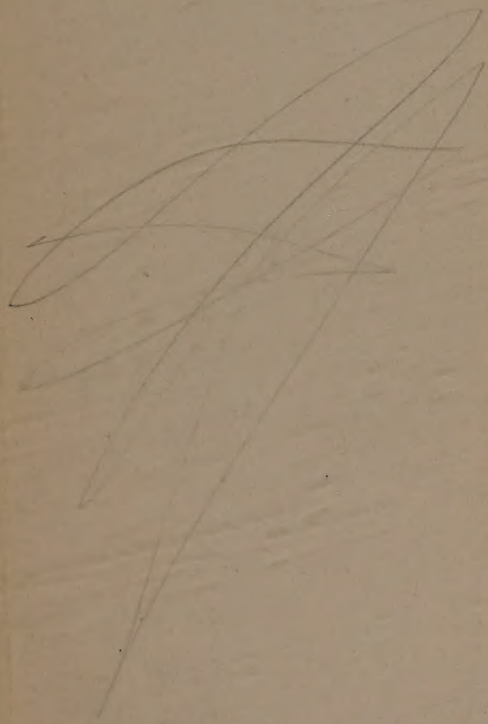
Cincinnati, Sept., 1913.

UNIVERSITY CHRISTIAN CHURCH
SANTA BARBARA AT BUDLONG
LOS ANGELES

Library of
Pacific Bible Seminary
4835 East Anaheim Street
Long Beach, California

Library of
Pacific Bible Seminary
4835 East Anaheim Street
Long Beach, California

JUL 14 1945



Library of
Pacific Bible Seminary
4835 East Anaheim Street
Long Beach, California